REAL WEST

CHARLTON PUBLICATION

True Tales of the American Frontier

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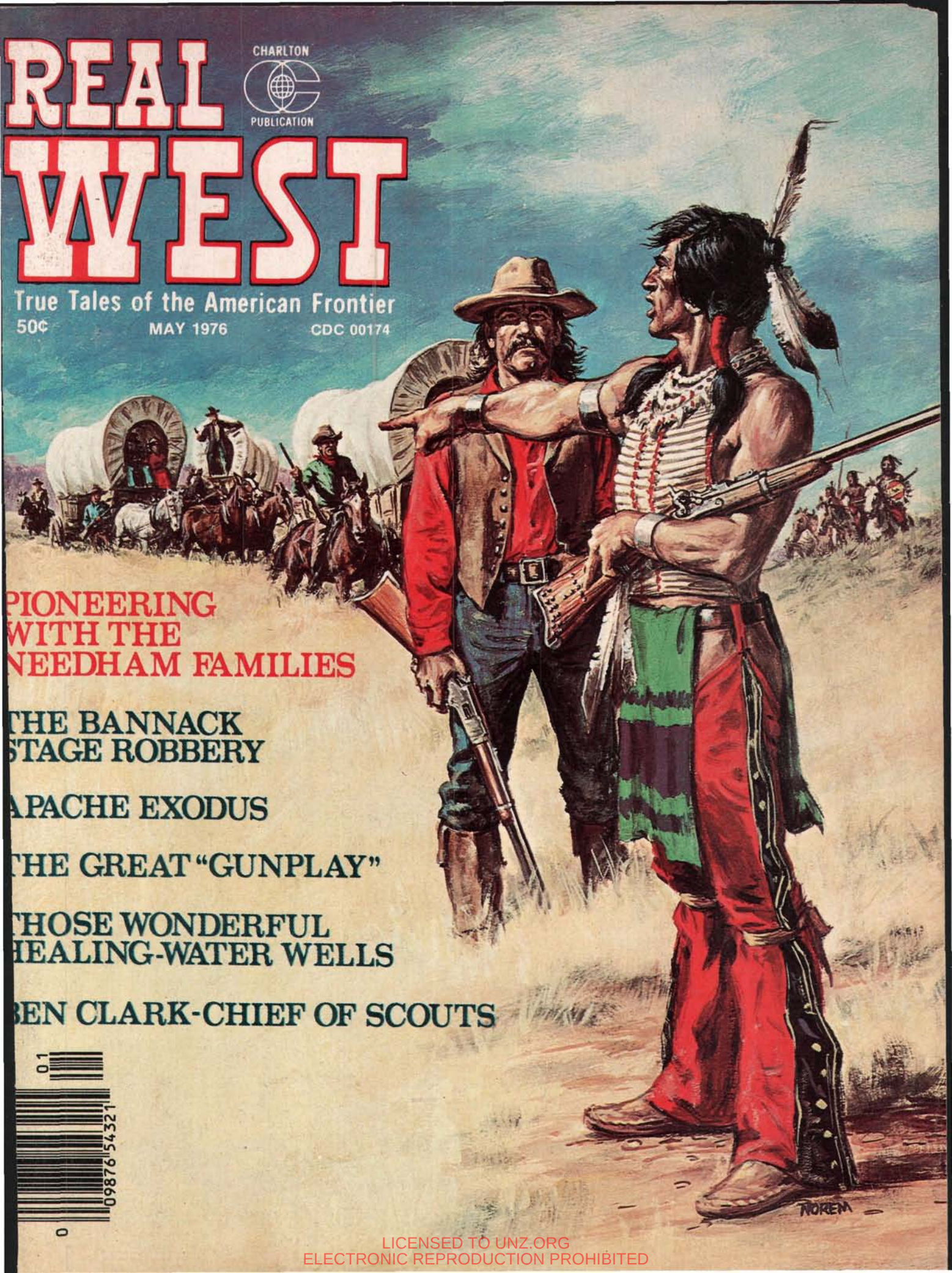

PIONEERING WITH THE NEEDHAM FAMILIES

THE BANNACK STAGE ROBBERY

APACHE EXODUS

THE GREAT "GUNPLAY"

THOSE WONDERFUL HEALING-WATER WELLS

BEN CLARK-CHIEF OF SCOUTS

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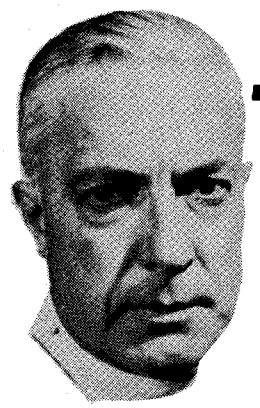

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its *rubifacient action it stimulates* blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. *Treat your scalp to Comate in* your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 14877
50 BOND STREET • WESTBURY, N. Y. 11590

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund on return of unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find $10 (check, cash, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. **Enclosed is $1 deposit.** I will pay postman $9 plus about $1.50 in postal charges on delivery. Save the $1.50 by enclosing $10.
Canada, Foreign, APO, FPO, add $1 -- No C.O.D.

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MIRACLE HEALING FOODS for the Relief of Signs of Illness!

Yes, Dear Friend:
Did you know that—right now—there is an ordinary vegetable, stored and forgotten in most kitchens, that is said to relieve many of the diseases of aging? According to one authority . . .

In the forests of Siberia, where it grows wild . . . the aged . . . the paralyzed . . . the sick . . . come on pilgrimages to eat of this wild vegetable and are relieved of their ills—rejuvenated and healed! He adds . . .

In Russia and Poland, among those who eat it, cancer is unknown and life averages over a century! Yet this amazing substance is available everywhere—for pennies!

> "And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing *seed*, which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree, in which is the *fruit* of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." (**Genesis 1:29**)

MIRACLE HEALING FOODS REVEALED

You'll discover this food, and how to use it, on page 107 of an amazing book by Dr. Joseph M. Kadans—a. *breakthrough book* that shows how certain common foods—called miracle healing foods by one authority—when used in a special way, can actually strike back at certain illnesses!

You'll find out how certain fruits, nuts, vegetables and seeds are said to:

Relieve painful backache, stiff, aching muscles and joints!

Ward off influenza, asthma, bronchitis, infections; protect you from colds, coughs, and respiratory ailments!

Relieve gas, ulcers, colitis; helps restore regularity!

Help heal stomach and liver disorders; help relieve kidney, bladder, and gall bladder problems; strengthen the heart!

Relieve such problems as baldness, boils, dandruff, eczema, pimples, and more!

Help relieve headaches, high blood pressure; help improve circulation; relieve hemorrhoids; wash away fatigue!

Help melt away extra pounds—and much more!

120-YEAR-OLD MAN CLAIMS: SIGHT AND HEARING RESTORED!

On page 132 of Dr. Kadans' book, you'll discover a certain vegetable oil that's as close to being an all-purpose "miracle" remedy as you can imagine! According to one of the many researchers I quote from sources other than this book . . .

This vegetable oil was used for EIGHT DECADES by a man who—at 40—suffered from illness that impaired his vision and hearing. He says, "My eyes were very painful . . . a film gathered over them. My hearing . . . quite dull and growing worse." Then he heard about this oil.

Immediately he applied it to his eyes and eyelids. The improvement was so pronounced that: "I used the oil freely about the ears externally, and put drops of oil into the ears . . . In a very short time my sight and hearing were entirely restored!"

OVERCOMES STIFFNESS IN SPINE, HIPS, SHOULDERS, AND KNEES! When he was in his sixties, this man's knees refused to bend and his backbone was so stiff that he cried out in pain. He now applied the same oil with a vigorous rub to his spine, hips, shoulders, knees, elbows, and other stiff areas. Apparently it worked so well that by age 108 he was riding a bicycle, dancing, and walking 20 miles a day!

THE VEGETABLE OIL THAT RELIEVED GALL BLADDER TROUBLES!

According to Dr. Kadans, on page 132 of his book, this oil stimulates contractions of the gall bladder and is valuable for many gall-bladder ailments.

In the October-December, 1962 issue of *Minerva Dietologica*, another doctor also reports that this oil is a valuable preventive against gallstones, greatly favoring complete emptying of the gall bladder. These findings were confirmed by an International News Service release. And back in 1893, a doctor reported that a gallstone lost 68% of its weight in two days when immersed in this pure vegetable oil.

ULCERS HEALED! In a medical-health publication, a doctor reports that he treats his ulcer patients with this same oil. After this treatment, a friend is now able to eat the hottest Mexican spices!

BURSITIS HEALED! A woman suffering from painful bursitis in the shoulder decided to try this oil. Before long, she was able to raise her arm above her head, and has had no further attacks of bursitis since!

HELP FOR HEART AND ARTERIES!

Results of a scientific study, says another expert, indicate that this oil may be an important factor in the very low rate of heart and artery disease among middle-aged men in Greece! Out of ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FIFTEEN men examined, *only four cases* of heart or artery disease were found in six years! This oil is an important part of the Grecian diet. According to studies made in France, it seems to reduce cholesterol by as much as 26%.

LIVER PROBLEMS HEALED! On page 100, Dr. Kadans tells you how to use a certain common green plant, recommended for cleansing the liver and spleen. Says another authority: "Hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver, and jaundice, when uncomplicated, readily yield to it." Around 75 years ago, one doctor claimed that the root of this vegetable relieved liver trouble that had afflicted him for 15 years!

NO PILLS OR DRUGS . . . NO EXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT NEEDED! UNIQUE FEATURE GIVES INSTANT REFERENCE TO REMEDIES FOR OVER 130 COMMON AND UNCOMMON COMPLAINTS!

The outstandingly unique feature of Dr. Kadans' book is the alphabetic SYMPTOM-MATIC LOCATOR INDEX. Just look up the symptom for almost any ailment, disease or part of the body imaginable . . . and presto! You flip to the page that gives the remedy recommended!

For example, if you have stomach cramps, just run your finger down the INDEX till you come to *STOMACH CRAMPS, HELP FOR . . .* and you will find the exact fruit, nut, or vegetable recommended—plus the page number that gives details!

Running down the list, we find:

A common fruit, which Dr. Kadans shows you how to use on page 136, that—according to one researcher—helps protect against *indigestion . . . gas . . . heartburn . . . sour stomach.* Modern research shows that this fruit contains a powerful enzyme that cleanses the system! One doctor tells how he treated *painful hemorrhoids* with this enzyme, and in three days a 52-year-old woman's improvement was regarded complete; she needed no surgery! With another user, gas pains disappeared like magic!

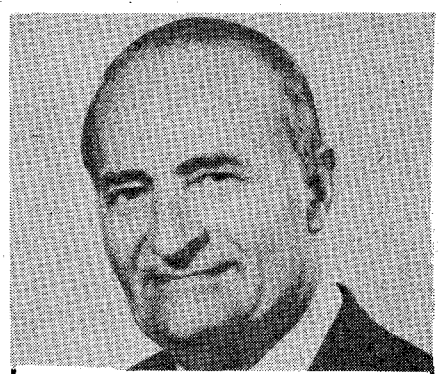
A common nut, page 175, which Dr. Kadans reports is good for constipation, having a definite laxative effect.

KIDNEY AND BLADDER RELIEF

On page 136, Dr. Kadans shows how a common, pleasant-tasting vegetable, often used merely as food decoration, may be used for a wide variety of illnesses but more particularly for dissolving gravel, bladder, and kidney stones.

PROSTATE AND DIABETES

One popular English authority reports some spectacular uses of this same common vegetable. A gentleman in his sixties was unable to pass water. He was suffering from prostate trouble—but because he had diabetes, they couldn't operate. Advised to try a tea made of this same vegetable, he reported he soon could urinate freely and it was found that all traces of sugar had vanished from his urine!



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JOSEPH M. KADANS, Ph.D., has devoted his life to studying the use of natural food medicines. He has done extensive research on their amazing qualities and has shared his findings with thousands in his writings and lectures. Recognizing his genius, the U.S. Government assigned young Kadans, *at the age of 20,* to edit a health and safety magazine that reached 50,000 employees. He is an alumnus of 10 colleges and universities, and has served on four university faculties. Dr. Kadans is the founder and president of Bernadean University, and is the author of "Modern Encyclopedia of Herbs."

RHEUMATISM AND ARTHRITIS

This same English authority refers to an elderly man who could barely hobble with the aid of two canes. When he drank the vegetable tea, he became well enough to discard the canes! This same humble plant has been hailed as a miracle healer because of its ability to relax stiff fingers and gnarled joints, according to another writer. He tells how a dressmaker's fingers became stiff and unmanageable. Medication was of no avail. But after drinking the vegetable tea daily, her fingers became youthfully nimble again!

AND YOURS TO PROVE—FOR 30 DAYS—ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!

All you need to know is right here in this book. Read about these amazing natural medicines. Each one is a fruit, nut, vegetable or seed that can help in a different way. So get started NOW and look forward to a long, rewarding life, full of healthful living!

You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

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REAL WEST

May 1976 No. 145 Vol. 19

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REAL WEST published bi-monthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, Inc. Division St., Derby, Connecticut 06418. Vol. XIX, No. 145, May, 1976. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Derby, Connecticut. Second Class Postage Paid at Derby, Conn. ©Copyright 1976 Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Executive offices and office of publication, Division St., Derby, Connecticut 06418. Subscription $3.00 per year. Subscription Manager: Ida Cascio. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. All material must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Printed in the USA. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016. (212-686-9050).

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A Doctor of OSTEOPATHY Claims He Has Perfected

A PROVEN NEW HOME CURE FOR ARTHRITIS!

EXPECT A MIRACLE OF FREEDOM FROM PAIN . . . NEW FREEDOM OF MOTION . . . IMMEDIATE . . . COMPLETE AND PERMANENT CURE POSSIBLE . . . BONE DAMAGE HEALED . . . ALL THIS CAN BE EXPECTED

— says Giraud W. Campbell, D.O.

Here's thrilling news about a Doctor's Proven New Home CURE FOR ARTHRITIS! Based on the result of hundreds of successfully treated cases, this cure is now available for the first time in a new book!

Yes! Dr. Giraud Campbell states flatly that YOU CAN BE CURED of this previously incurable disease at home, right "in your own home at no expense."

Expect a miracle, he says, because Arthritis can be cured! All types of arthritis. Complete and permanent cure is possible! With this method, he says, pain and swelling disappear — almost overnight! Even bone structure can be returned to normal. It's safe, easy, and effective!

Expect A Miracle Of Freedom From Pain

What has this method done for Dr. Campbell's patients? He reports:

- "It has not mattered whether these patients were old or young."
- "It has not mattered in what part of the body they had arthritis."
- "It has not mattered whether the doctor who referred them to me said it was caused by an infection, or what type of arthritis they had."
- It has not mattered whether they were still getting around or whether they were bedridden."
- "It has not mattered for how long they had arthritis."

"Their arthritis was cured," he states flatly, "and yours can be, too!" There is just one exception. "I confess right here and now that I cannot help those who have had extensive gold treatments, and who have undergone blood changes because of extended drug or chemical treatment," he says.

However, while no one can guarantee relief or cure in such cases, Dr. Campbell's files are filled with case histories of people who have obtained relief even after drug therapy. In addition, he says he has achieved rapid relief and repair of spinal arthritis if caught within the first five years — after which he can offer only relief of pain and no further damage. Still a spectacular hope for any sufferer! Even the agony of weather changes can be a thing of the past!

In all other cases — for arthritis of the fingers, shoulders, hips, or knees, for osteoarthritis, rheumatoid arthritis, or any other kind of arthritis . . .

"Its Like Being Born Again"

"To me the case histories of cures follow the same definite pattern," says Dr. Campbell. "A 75-year-old man suffers the pain of acute rheumatoid arthritis in all joints. He is bedridden. In one week the pain is gone. In two weeks he is ambulatory. (That is, he can walk.) In three weeks his deformed fingers straighten enough to hold the steering wheel and drive the car."

Never before has a CURE been offered. Doctors could only offer partial relief. Dr. Campbell says his method offers—not only relief—but an end to the condition; Age is no barrier . . . legs . . . backs . . . hips . . . fingers . . . knees . . . are healed.

"It's like being born again," said a 62-year-old woman patient, "I feel like I am starting a new life." It happens to him . . . It happens to her . . . It can happen to you . . . whatever your age," says Dr. Campbell.

"The Seven-Day Program To End Pain And Regain Normal Use Of Joints"

"My files are filled with cases that read like miracles," says Dr. Campbell. "A mother, bedridden for months due to arthritis, does housework again. An engineer, on crutches for a year tosses them aside . . . A grandmother, previously crippled by arthritis, discards use of her wheelchair . . .

"To me as a doctor it's a trite ending. I see it every day," says Dr. Campbell. "To others it's a miracle." That miracle is the 3-part Home Cure he has perfected.

"It's fast, safe, and effective. "The home arthritis cure," says Dr. Campbell, "begins to show benefits immediately."

- You need not wait two or three months . . . two weeks . . . two days to begin to feel the improvement, says Dr. Campbell . . .

The results are immediate and magnificent, he states. The first step is Dr. Campbell's special Arthritis-Cure Diet. "This diet is the main factor in the cure of arthritis." In fact, he says, "You might expect a cure without doing another blessed thing!"

Easy To Use!

Best of all, the one outstanding feature of this method is: NO PREPARATION IS NEEDED! It's "No-Cook Cooking" all the way! All you really need is a refrigerator, knife, or blender in most cases. All foods on the Arthritis-Cure Diet can be easily obtained, at no extra expense.

You can still eat many of your favorite foods (by actual count, there are 160 items that you can still eat . . . and you can mix nearly endless varieties) . . . you can still enjoy black eye peas, green peppers, lima beans, corn, rice, turkey, duck, fish, apples, bananas, pears, figs, prunes, plums, nectarines, peaches, cherries, grapes, melons, nuts, soups, eggs, cheeses, and more . . . But there are certain foods you must never touch again, if you wish a permanent cure, he says.

Complete daily menus for breakfast, lunch and supper are given for the first 7 days, with 50 more mouth watering gourmet recipes!

Is That All There Is To It?

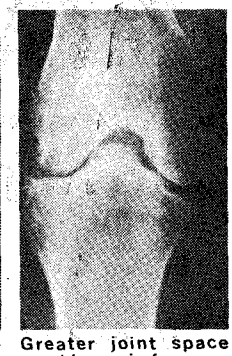
Just about. As for steps 2 and 3 — you may not need them. But if you do, they are simply aids to elimination (for purification and internal cleansing), and a very few other simple steps.

No gadgets or hocus pocus, no bigger and better pills, no expensive diathermy, whirlpool, or harsh exercises of any kind.

See For Yourself . . . At Our Risk

See for yourself. You can enjoy absolutely pain-free living, and an arthritis-free tomorrow, says Dr. Campbell. Now, for the first time, you can be free of heat, pain, swelling and deformity — no matter what your age, he says, because arthritis CAN and IS being CURED. **"There is no need for anyone," he says, "to ever get an arthritis attack again."**

Lack of joint space around knee. Bones rub. Normal motion impossible.



Greater joint space provides pain-free motion, normal walking.

X-RAYS SHOW POSITIVE PROOF!

. . . says Dr. Campbell: Look at the before-and-after X-rays shown above, and know that now, for the first time perhaps, you can enjoy an absolutely pain-free, arthritis-free tomorrow.

- **"Expect a 'miracle'," says Dr. Campbell.**
- **"Expect your pain to start diminishing from the start."**
- **"Expect no need for aspirin or other pain relievers in a week to ten days."**
- **"Expect a continuing improvement in your joint mobility . . . X-rays will reveal progress in the restoration of damaged bone structure in three to six months."**
- **"Expect a normal life without arthritic pain . . ."**

MEET DR. CAMPBELL

Dr. Giraud W. Campbell is a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine, Class of 1931. Since then he has practiced for over 40 years in New York State. After World War II, Dr. Campbell commenced his nutritional and laboratory research in arthritis. "For the past 15 years," he says, "I have been curing arthritis. Those that are bedridden . . . in the acute inflammatory state . . . show the most dramatic response. In from 3 to 10 days their pains cease, and repair sets in. I have over 1,000 successfully treated cases in my files." He was one of the founders of the Long Island Osteopathic Society and is a member of several leading professional groups.

ASTOUNDING LETTERS FROM EX-ARTHRITIS VICTIMS RAISES ARMS IN PRAISE!

I had been in an auto accident which affected my spine and caused chronic arthritis. I couldn't raise my arms without severe pain; combing my hair was almost impossible. Doctors gave me up to 24 aspirins per day, traction, hydrotherapy, sonic ray therapy and physiotherapy. It was at this time that I began treatment with Dr. Campbell . . . After treatment started, I felt a tremendous improvement in seven days. Within two weeks the brace was off and I felt better. I was able to raise my arms upward. It was like a miracle.—H.G.

SPINE HEALED!

I was discharged from the Army in 1945. Shortly thereafter, I began to experience pains in my lower back and the disease became steadily worse. I became more crippled. My spine, at this time, had practically fused solid. Pain . . . by now . . . was continuous, day and night, with no relief. At this point I heard of Dr. Giraud Campbell. To my amazement within two weeks, the pain decreased at least 50%. I was able to walk better. I only wish I had come under Dr. Campbell's care . . . when the disease first started.

Yours truly, F.S., Roslyn, New York

Dark portions or spots of this X-ray show softening of shinbone, which actually bends—in an advanced case of Paget's disease, deemed incurable.

Six months later—with Dr. Campbell's method—X-ray shows thickening of bone (white area). Bone is now stronger and no longer bends.

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of A DOCTOR'S PROVEN NEW HOME CURE FOR ARTHRITIS, by Giraud W Campbell, D.O. I understand the book is mine for only $8.98 I may examine this book for a full 30 days at your risk. If at the end of that time, I am not satisfied, I will return the book for every cent of my money back.

☐ Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only $1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW. Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

ATTENTION, RESEARCHERS

Dear Editor,

From time to time over the past few years, members and friends of this society have brought in copies of your REAL WEST magazine. They felt that we might be interested in placing them in our archives because of the content.

Occasionally, we do place copies of the photographs in the files, but as a general rule, the articles themselves are discarded. I now refer in particular to articles on the death (alleged) of Jesse Woodson James in St. Joseph, Missouri on the April Monday morning in 1882.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Apparently your experts do every little active research. Would it be possible for you to advise them via your magazine that there exists a complete copy of the Coroners' Inquest into the death of Jesse James? It has been on file here at our Society for years, but not one single researcher has ever asked for it! The Inquest was held the same day of the death, and contains some rather startling information.

Our possession of this document is quite well known here in St. Joseph; in fact, an article appeared in the St. Joseph *Gazette* on June 13, 1974, stating "Conference on 'Jesse's' death set by prosecutor for Friday." Another article in the same paper, dated June 6th, 1974, stated that .... "Can a coroner's inquest of 92 years ago, on the identification and cause of death of a man said to be Jesse James, be re-opened? Cause exists to re-open and re-examine the proceedings of April 3 and 4, 1882."

Yours truly
Richard T. Cameron, President
Buchanan County Historical Society
110 South 13th St.
St. Joseph, MO 64501

WHO VOTED FOR WHOM?

Dear Editor,

In the story "Along Came Jones" appearing in the January 1976 issue, there is an account of Jones' election to the U.S. Senate from the state of Nevada in 1872.

Apparently the author, William Wingfield, drew on his imagination for the account of the election, as U.S. Senators were not elected by the vote of the people until some 40 years later. At that time the legislatures of the various states elected them.

I have read your magazine, REAL WEST, for years and enjoy it very much, but this could cause some confusion in high-school American Government classes.

Respectfully,
M.L. Whittenberger
101 East Main St.
Warrenton, MO 63383

MR. WINGFIELD REPLIES:

No, no, I did NOT have a surfeit of imagination. Every incident I mentioned is fully documented in the sources and references at the end of the piece.

Mr. Whittenberger is entirely correct in that direct or popular election of U.S. Senators did not occur until some 40 years later, but men did run for the post *as if* the voters had a say.

For one thing, there was the Lincoln - Douglas debates, which were in the Illinois Senatorial campaign. Both Lincoln and Douglas took their case to the voters.

President John F. Kenedy's celebrated *Profiles in Courage* is also instructive on this matter. In particular, I might mention President Kennedy's article on Senator Lamar of Mississippi and his efforts to obtain reelection.

The same, then, holds true of Nevada. Jones and Sharon did indeed campaign for the post, even though the decision rested with the legislature. As noted, too, after Sharon dropped out, Jones still campaigned to get a Republican legislature elected in order to have himself chosen as Senator.

Sharon and James G. Fair later campaigned for the Senate, and each was trying to induce voters to elect a legislature of his own party in order that he might be picked.

William Wingfield

DOES ANYONE KNOW OF...?

Dear Editor,

I have enjoyed every issue of your magazine as I have been brought up with tales of the old west. My father was a personal friend of Pat Garrett, but that was after the Lincoln County War.

My great - grandfather and his family came to California via covered wagon in 1853. His brother, Daniel, stayed behind in Pettis County, Missouri. Green T. Palmer, who was a son of Daniel, was a marshal in one of the counties in Missouri. I would like to hear from any of your readers who might know something about him. I will answer all letters.

Thanks for all of the good stories in REAL WEST.

Yours truly,
E.D. Palmer
120 Ramona Ave.
El Cerrito, CA 94530

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How to make others secretly DO YOUR BIDDING with the astonishing power of AUTOMATIC MIND COMMAND!

Here's how to get started in just 3 minutes . . .

Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may *not* want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now: however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you $1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

A STRANGER HANDS HIM $500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him $500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically.

After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

YOURS TO PROVE—AT OUR RISK!

So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

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BEN CLARK
Chief Of Scouts

by Wayne T. Walker

Although Chief of Scouts Ben Clark had incurred the enmity of George Armstrong Custer, General Sheridan and everyone else who ever served with the great frontiersman knew him to be a competent, courageous man. Ben Clark put in a lifetime of service to his country before his death in July, 1914.

Courtesy of the Oklahoma Historical Society

Ben Clark & stockade home at Ft. Reno.

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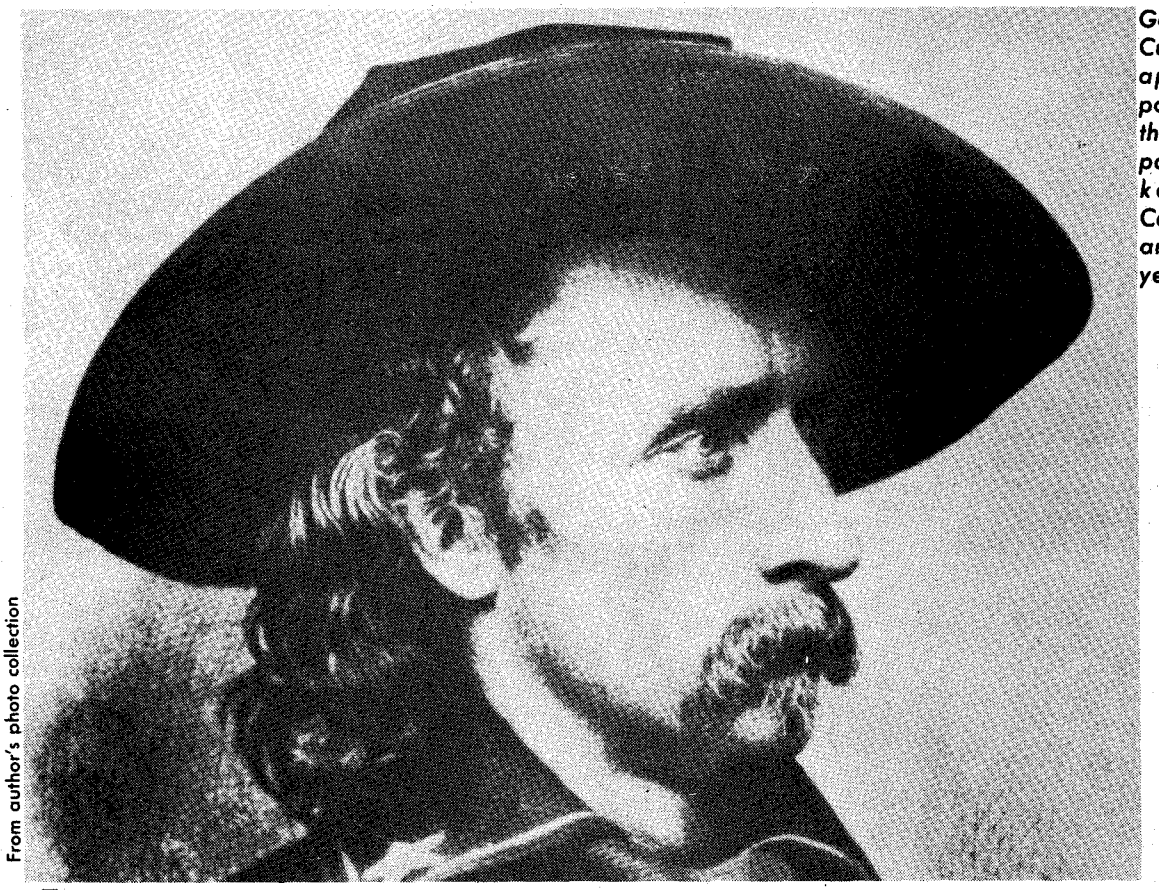

From author's photo collection

General George A. Custer. He didn't appreciate the popular scout after the Washita campaign. Yet Clark kept the 7th Cavalry from being annihilated several years before Little Big Horn.

In 1905 a detachment of United States troops participated in a fatiguing practice march across country by way of the old military trails from Fort Riley (Kansas) to Fort Sam Houston in Texas, a distance of almost 800 miles. Acting as guide, 64 - year - old Ben Clark spent every day in the saddle, cooking his meals over a campfire, fording every river, and sleeping every night under the stars.

Despite his age, Clark enjoyed every moment of it. At one time, this life was routine for the former army scout...

Ben Clark was born on 2 February 1841 in St. Louis, Missouri; the youngest of two sons of Silas and Mary Clark. In 1849, 34 - year - old Silas was killed by Apaches in the Arizona desert while on his way to the gold fields of California. Back in St. Louis, his wife and two small sons awaited word that he had struck it rich in the far west.

At the age of 16, in the summer of 1857, Clark joined an expedition, under the command of Colonel Albert S. Johnson, which crossed the plains to Salt Lake City to impress upon the Mormons the authority of the federal government.

Attached to the 400-man freight party with the expedition, little Ben Clark was introduced to the Cheyenne tribe the hard way when the fierce feathered warriors attacked the wagontrain of his division near Ash Hollow, Nebraska, on the North Platte River. Three of the teamsters lost their lives in the skirmish.

On reaching Fort Bridger, Wyoming in November, the entire party of freighters was mustered in as a volunteer battalion. After the Mormon problem was settled peacefully, young Clark returned to Fort Bridger as a post courier. In 1860 Clark was mustered out of the army, and he rode back to Kansas in search of adventurous employment.

With the eruption of the Civil War, Clark enlisted in an independent company of cavalry under the command of Captain Charles Clark, which was later attached to the Sixth Kansas Cavalry at Fort Scott, in southeast Kansas. The Sixth was made up entirely of typical rough - and - tumble frontiersmen.

In the sweep through northeastern Arkansas in the latter part of 1862, Ben Clark fought his way through what he considered the bitterest fight of his entire life — the Battle of Prairie Grove. Short in time measurement, the engagement was packed with vicious charges and countercharges until the thick haze of blueish powdersmoke became so thick that they were on each other before the flash of swinging sabres and firing handguns could even be seen.

The air was filled with the harrowing sound of men and horses writhing and dying in agony. Afterwards, Clark could hardly believe he was still alive, even when he was washing the black-powder soot from his face in the cold water of an Ozark mountain stream.

During the war as a member of the Sixth, Clark took part in a number of prominent battles. He made a splendid record for himself at Newtonia, in southwestern Missouri; campaign through northwest Arkansas; on Grand River in the Indian Territory; on sorties out from Fort Gibson; and in the capture of Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokee Nation.

When General James Blunt was headed for the Kansas City area to join with other federal forces in trying to check the last-ditch Confederate push in the West, Ben Clark was transferred to Blunt's outfit as a scout during the campaign. He finished the war in this capacity, serving under Captain William Tough, federal chief of scouts on the frontier.

At the termination of hostilities, Clark drifted out to western Kansas, where he was employed by various Indian traders. He took charge of their pack-mule or wagontrains, whichever they were using to freight their trading goods and supplies. It was his duty to lead the trains to the various Indian villages and assist in trading the goods for furs or anything else of value.

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While following this line of work, Clark was thrown into close contact with different tribes and became quite familiar with their languages and customs.

In 1868 General Alfred Sully sought the services of Ben Clark for scouting under John Smith, a veteran scout, in Sully's drive across southern Kansas.

Sully had been placed in command of the Seventh Cavalry after Colonel George A. Custer committed several acts that led to his court-martial and his relief from duty for a year without pay. Under Sully, the Seventh operated out of Fort Dodge.

Making up his mind to drive all the hostile Indians in southern Kansas into present western Oklahoma, Sully moved out with several companies of the Seventh, supported by detachments from the Third Infantry. Not swift enough to overtake the elusive bands, Sully had to be content with trailing them.

Finally, scouts John Smith and Ben Clark located several bands of hostiles congregated along the Cimarron River. They would have been far better off if they hadn't caught up with the Indians, for it resembled slapping a hornet's nest. The warriors were in fighting temperament, and after two days of sporadic battling, the stunned troops were completely smashed.

In the sand hills of Beaver Creek, Sully ordered the columns around and began a fast retreat back to Kansas, with the Indians harassing his flanks and rear.

Even after the Seventh had pulled back and had gone into camp on Bluff Creek in Kansas, the Indians suddenly reappeared and continued to torment and taunt the troops. None of the troops dared to leave camp for fear of being killed or captured.

Meanwhile, Generals Philip H. Sheridan and William T. Sherman stepped up their preparations for a proposed winter campaign, determined to make it a campaign of annihilation, if necessary. However, they were dissatisfied with Sully as commander of the Seventh; they needed a man like Custer — for more reasons than one. They succeeded in having Washington lift his court-martial and immediately placed him in charge of his former command — the Seventh Cavalry.

Smarting from his court-martial, Custer had but one thought in mind ... blazing a record for himself. He would be ruthless, for in a sense he blamed the "dusky savages" for his troubles.

General Custer found his Seventh encamped on Bluff Creek, still licking their wounds. On the very day he arrived in camp to take over, the hostiles made a series of sorties against the encampment, and though many shots were fired, not an Indian was killed.

Aggravated, Custer determined to strike back. He ordered John Smith and his scouts to locate the Indians, and he told his officers to prepare their troops to move out at once.

After days of searching, the only Indians the scouts could find were the ones slashing at Custer's flanks with downright impunity. Finally, the command was forced to turn back without striking a single retaliatory blow.

Two weeks later, Custer and his command were ordered to establish a base for winter operations before the weather became too severe. Following John Smith's advice, Camp Supply was set up near the confluence of two creeks — Beaver and Wolf. Shortly after the camp was established, General Sully brought in a supply train loaded with food and equipment.

As soon as General Phil Sheridan had arrived to take over supreme command, he transferred Sully to Fort Harker. He felt that Sully was too old for the rigorous winter campaign, and Sully's feelings did not coincide with the planned, merciless drive against the Plains Indians.

On 22 November, Custer made Ben Clark his chief of scouts and moved out the following morning in blizzard conditions to seek out the winter villages of the Indians on the upper Washita River. The so-called Battle of the Washita became a blot on the pages of U.S. military history.

During this ill-conceived, tragic engagement, it was Clark's firm protest against attacking the lower villages on the Washita which unquestionably prevented the 7th Cavalry from being annihilated several years prior to the Little Big Horn. Delirious with a false victory, Custer was rallying his troops to march down river to attack the main camps of the Plains Indians, despite the knowledge that the ammunition of his command was practically exhausted and that thousands of revenge - thirsty warriors would be swarming in that sector.

Even though he incurred Custer's animosity for his interference, Clark persuaded him to retreat back to their supply wagons in the Antelope Hills and return to Fort Supply, using Clark's strategy to throw the Indians off guard as to their actual intentions.

Custer failed to mention these things in his personal reports on returning to Fort Supply; in fact, his reports read like dime-novel fiction, with himself as a hero. According to his writings, he killed a hundred of the "dusky savages" that morning.

Those killed were mosty women and children — between 40 and 50 — with only about 20 warriors slain. The prisoners taken included 53 women and children. One young Cheyenne woman was saved by Clark and later became his wife. She died in 1875 and was buried at Fort Supply.

Unimpressed by Custer's fictional reports, Sheridan had studied the reports of the other officers and scouts who took part in the Washita campaign. It was Clark's masterful guidance of the 7th during the horrendous campaign that prompted Sheridan to pronounce Ben Clark the greatest scout he had ever had the privilege of knowing. He made Clark chief of all the scouts under his command at Fort Supply.

During this winter campaign of 1868-69, Clark seemed to be prone to antagonizing the headstrong Custer. Not once, in all of Custer's voluminous writings on his daring deeds on the plains, did he ever mention the name of his chief of scouts. He mentioned Romero, California Joe, Jack Stilwell, Jack Fitzgerald and several others — but no Ben Clark. Yet, some of these very men were the ones who had backed Clark at Washita. In contrast, Sheridan, in his memoirs, mentioned Clark many times — always in a complimentary manner.

At Fort Dodge, in August, 1874, Clark was summoned to the quarters of General Nelson A. Miles, where he was introduced to two new scouts. Both of the former, young buffalo hunters would be serving under him in the next few months. He shook hands with William B. Masterson (later to be known as "Bat") and Billy Dixon, already heroes of the Battle of Adobe Walls only a short time previous. They had been among the buffalo hunters attacked by Quanah Parker's Indian forces but had driven them off after a fierce fight.

There had been another major uprising, and they were to be part of a four - pronged attack that would hit the Plains hostiles so hard it would be a long time before they would leave the reservations again. General Miles would move his column out from Fort Dodge, driving south into the Texas panhandle; Colonel J.J.

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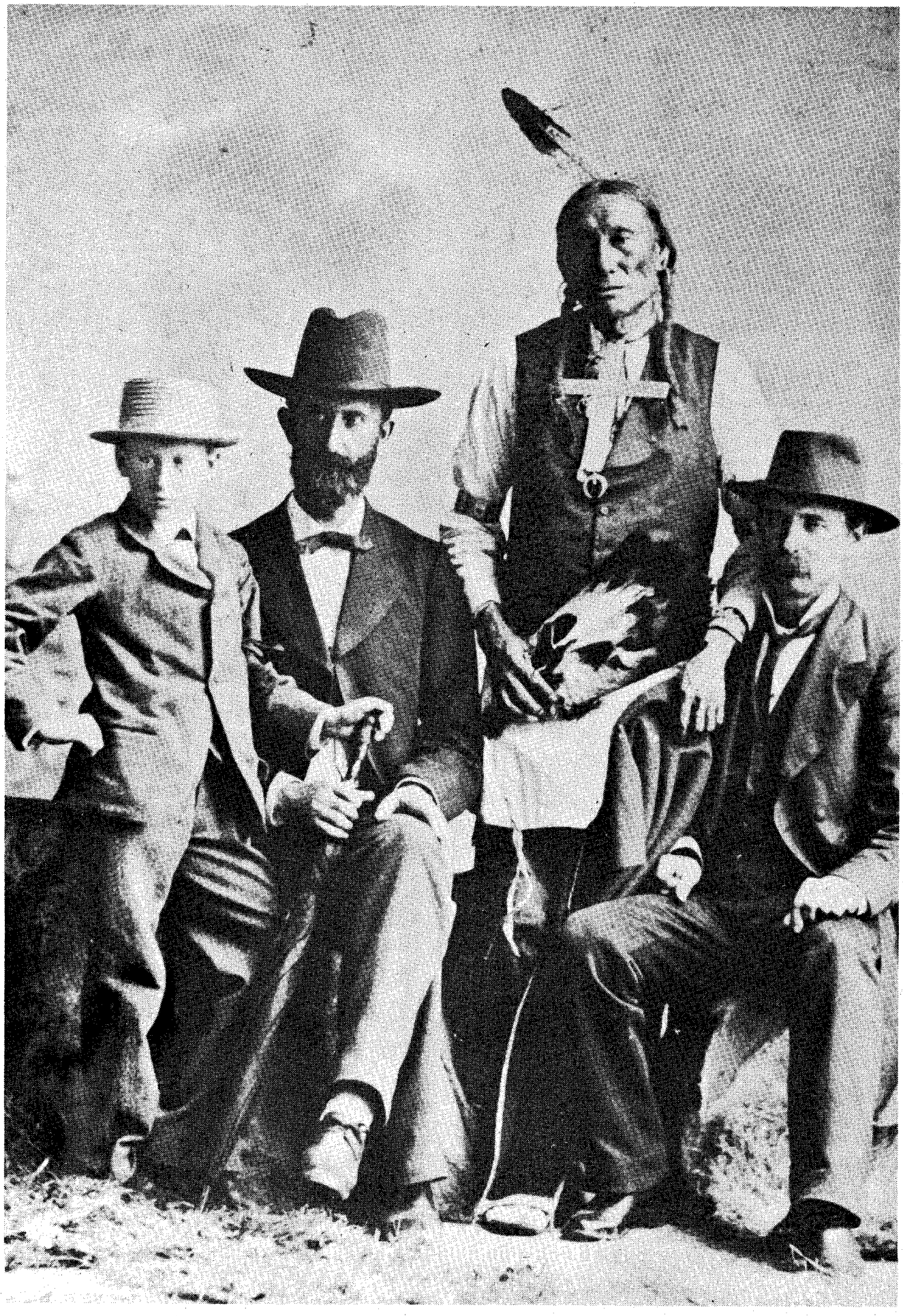

Courtesy of the Oklahoma Historical Society

Ben Clark, Little Robe, John Miles & Son.

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Davidson's command, sweeping west in from the Indian Territory (Oklahoma); Colonel Ranald McKenzie from Fort Clark in south Texas would push north; and Major William Price, coming from Fort Union (New Mexico) into the panhandle from the west.

In a few days the scouts moved out under Lt. Frank Baldwin's command to bird-dog ahead of Miles' main column. It was soon evident that the Plains tribesmen, especially the Cheyenne, weren't going to be forced back on their reservations without a strong show of force.

It took a long campaign of hard, saddle - calloused riding and skirmishing over the drought - stricken plains, where the very earth cracked with the great thirst and the river beds ran dry. Overhead, the molten brass that was the sun burned down in all its intensity upon the suffering columns of men ever searching, ever pushing to make the frontier safe.

During the Sioux uprising in 1876, Clark went north to serve under General George Crook. Then, two years later, in the summer of 1878 Clark acted under special orders from the War Department. He escorted a delegation of friendly Nez Perces from Fort Leavenworth to Sitting Bull's encampment of hostiles on the South Saskatchewan River in Canada, for the purpose of arranging terms of surrender with the refugee Nez Perces who had crossed the border.

Later that same year, under orders from General Sheridan, he conducted a party of nearly 200 surrendered Northern Cheyennes from Keogh, Montana, to Fort Reno, where the greater portion of the tribe was already quartered. However, while this move was in progress, some 335 Cheyennes under Dull Knife escaped from the southern agency in an attempt to make their way to the north — killing more than 400 white settlers as they crossed Kansas.

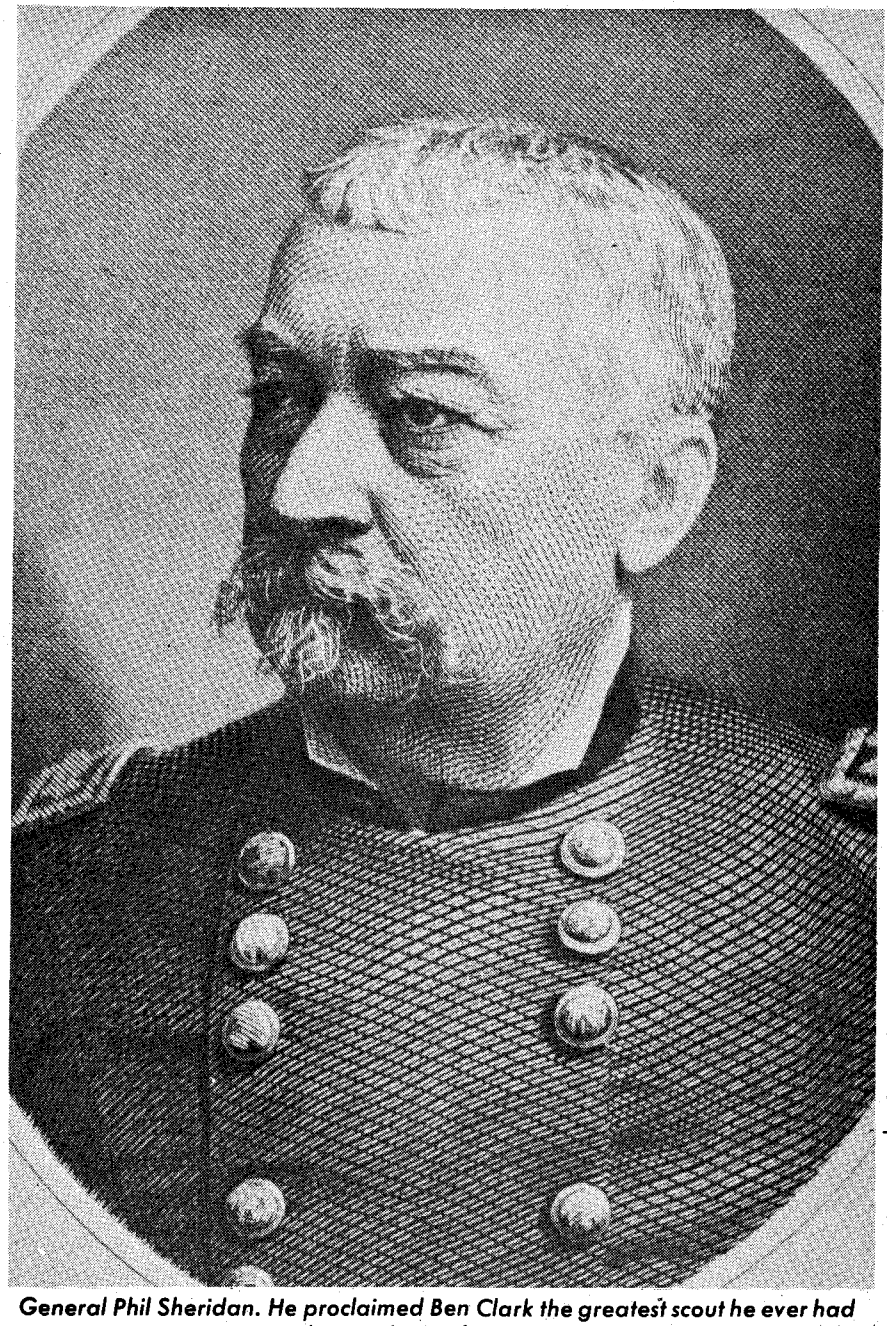
They were advancing in a direct line with Clark's Indian aggregation, but a military dispatch rider met Clark and explained what was transpiring. Therefore, Clark swung his band more to the west and then halted, holding his Indians secure until he was sure Dull Knife was beyond them. He was very careful to keep his Cheyennes in ignorance of what was taking place, so he would not have a revolt on his hands.

Temporarily in charge of the Cheyenne - Arapaho agency at the time and acting under orders from the Indian Bureau in Washington, C.E. Campbell sent an express to intercept Clark with instructions for him to dismount and *disarm* the Cheyenne party before moving on into the agency. Since they had surrendered under their own will and had agreed to come to the southern agency on their own, the Indians had not suffered the humility of being relieved of their arms. When Clark interpreted the orders to them he could see rebellion quickly appear on their features.

It was an open - handed slap, after coming such a long distance in good faith. Clark read trouble. Then Little Chief rode up to him and dismounted, handing him the reins and his weapons. Dejectedly, the rest of the warriors followed suit.

Clark married a second time in 1879 ... again to a Cheyenne woman. Moka was a full-blood and became the mother of eleven children before she died in May, 1913. Six of their children were interred in the post cemetery at Fort Reno, along with Moka. The ones who lived were well educated, some being graduated from the Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania.

Being very unhappy in the south, the Northern Cheyennes had used every argument to urge their return to their own country. In 1881 Ben Clark and C.E. Campbell accompanied a small representation of these Northern Cheyennes to Washington, where they met with a delegation from the various Sioux



From author's photo collection

General Phil Sheridan. He proclaimed Ben Clark the greatest scout he ever had the privilege of knowing.

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agencies to settle the question of a permanent home. Clark acted as interpreter.

Meeting with Sioux leaders like Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Man Afraid Of His Horses, etc., the Cheyennes finally joined in a pact which allowed the return of many of the Northern Cheyennes to their far country upon Sioux lands.

Meantime, General Sheridan had mellowed somewhat in his hardnosed attitude toward the Indians and was taking an interest in their way of life and future welfare. In 1883, having a high regard for Ben Clark and his deep knowledge of the Cheyenne, he requested Clark to prepare a written work on *Ethnography and Philology of the Cheyennes.* In the literary construction and arrangement of the manuscript, Clark sought the assistance of one of the officers stationed at Fort Reno.

General Sheridan had planned to have it printed by the War Department; however, he passed away before this could be accomplished, and the manuscript was finally acquired by George Bird Grinell. Later, a complete, bound typewritten copy was presented to Wellesley College at Wellesley, Massachusetts, and catalogued under the title "Cheyenne History and Dictionary."

After Moka died in 1913, Clark became a lonely and despondent man, poor of health. For several years he had been kept on government payroll in the capacity of rider for the reservation, through deference for his earlier service to the government, which had been of inestimable value.

Clark had in his possession many letters from various famous men to whom he had been guide and counselor, as well as many relics which attested to the friendship and confidence of the Indians. He had often gone among them when they were on the verge of rebellion and by his diplomacy and tact had dissuaded them from their course. But it was all over now, his usefulness was past.

On 24 July 1914, Ben Clark rose from an almost sleepless night, feeling even more morose than usual. About 10:00 A.M. that Friday, Clark straightened his shoulders back in that ramrod military stance, raised the partially paralyzed right arm with the revolver in his hand, and,looking at his image in a mirror,fired a bullet into his brain.

They were a special breed of men, and the greatest had just died... ●**RW**

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Kansas Historical Collections Various volumes

Kingfisher *Daily Free Press* July 25, 1914.

Courtesy El Reno Public Library — Archives room

Scout Ben Clark.

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APACHE EXODUS

When Companies L and M of the Fifth Cavalry were led into Salt Canyon, "hunting Apaches," they knew what a difficult assignment it would be. In fact, it was a difficult situation for everyone concerned: soldiers, civilians, and the Apaches, who didn't want to leave their land.

by George Malsbary

Denver Public Library, Western History Dept.

General Crook

Christmas Day, 1872, in the Superstition Mountains of south-central Arizona, was cold, damp and windy, hardly the place for soldiers to enjoy the holiday. For the men of L and M Companies, Fifth Cavalry, shivering in their cotton uniforms, it was a combination of two hells. The bitter weather and rough climbing, and the purpose of their mission — to hunt Apaches in the Salt Canyon ahead. Some of the men in the command knew from experience that "hunting Apaches" was like chasing ghosts who could shoot as well as the average soldier then disappear into thin air. Their spirits improved somewhat later in the day when Company G, with 100 Pima Indians, joined their ranks, under the overall command of brevet Major William H. Brown.

As the major well knew, their one chance of finding any of the hostile Tonto Apache in this area lay with the thirty Apache scouts ranging ahead up the snowy slopes, finding signs and trails invisible to the white man. These scouts were totally unmilitary, half-wild, but as long as they were paid, clothed and fed regularly, they were

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reliable, and their ability to locate Apache hideouts was sheer magic. General Crook, in charge of the southwestern campaign starting on November 15, 1872, felt that his scouts and the pack mules were his best "irregulars."

The question of "pacifying" the Apache Indians came last, after the Anglo-Americans had successfully forced all other tribes, over a period of 250 years, to live in areas not valuable to the white man. These little, wiry natives of the Southwest were extremely hard to round up. Many fruitless raids into their territory had proven this. They moved faster and more surely through the rugged mountains, mesas and deserts, and with greater endurance than any of their white pursuers. The affair which attracted official attention was the Massacre at Camp Grant.

Camp Grant was in the land of the (southeast Arizona) Aravaipa Apache. This tribe was accused of numerous raids on settlers and wagon trains, and had been subjected to sporadic cavalry raids in retaliation. A detachment of "California Volunteers" from this post in 1863 demolished a *rancheria* at the end of the canyon, slaughtering 58 of 70 Indians. This was followed by other raids of equal ferocity. Finally, on a cold day in February of 1871, a delegation of five emaciated, aged women of the Aravaipa tribe tottered into the post under flags of truce, begging for food. Lt. Royal Emerson Whitman took them in gallantly. A few days later, Chief Eskiminzin came with around five hundred of his tribesmen, camping about the fort. The chief explained that all of this area had been their home and they only desired to raise their crops on the bank of the creek. Whether from kindness or his connections with the Bureau of Indian Affairs (historians disagree on this), Lt. Whitman greeted them warmly.

The lieutenant put the tribe to work collecting hay and sent some of them to neighboring ranches for harvesting barley. Everything was peaceful until, south of the Gila River, some more Apache raids took place, terrorizing the people of the little town of Tucson.

Hearing of the encampment of 500 Apaches around Camp Grant, they hired 92 Papagos Indians and 48 "Spanish Americans"; along with 7 Americans, they mounted and rode north.

Approaching the area quietly at night, they surrounded the encampment, and at dawn on April 30, 1871, they struck from all sides. All of the younger braves (plus their chief) were out on a hunt, so the victims consisted of around 150-160 Aravaipa Apache women, children, and old men. Around 125 were killed. The Papagos Indians, armed with clubs, did deadly work on the sleeping tribe, and those who escaped their blows were brought down with rifle fire from the whites. Twenty-seven children of this tribe were rounded up and presented to the Papagos for the slave trade.

Lieutenant Whitman hurried, too late, to the camp. He found the ground littered with bloody corpses, but not a living being. The few who were not killed outright had staggered to the mountains nearby. Ordering his men to bury the bodies, Whitman sent messengers into the mountains, telling the survivors that the army did not organize this massacre and wanted only to befriend the Apache. Some wounded Indians returned, wailing loudly, and Eskiminzin, holding one of his younger children in his arms, the only survivor of his family, accompanied his tribesmen.

General Crook, a veteran of the Indian wars of the Northwest, believed that the efforts for a "peaceful settlement" were wasted time, but he was forced to wait until these efforts were exhausted. Meanwhile, he started enlisting Apache scouts and training hundreds of mules as reliable pack animals for a major campaign.

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Alchesay, White Mountain Apache scout under General Crook.

And so it was that in 1871 Congress appropriated $70,000 "to collect the Apache Indians of Arizona and New Mexico upon reservations ... and to promote peace and civilization among them." There was also established the Board of Indian Commissioners, with a humanitarian among them, Vincent Colyer. It was at this time that Lt. Col. Crook (breveted "general" then promoted to Brigadier General on Oct. 29, 1873) took over the Department of Arizona. On the following year, Crook learned that the Civil War general, O. O. Howard, was also coming to the southwest to negotiate peace. General Howard, a very religious man, was liked by the Indians and went on from where Colyer left off.

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Council between General Crook and Geronimo.

Most of the military officers in the southwest, including General Crook, were disgusted with this show of piety and professed interest in the welfare of the Indian. Also, the small ranchers were not impressed by the theories of these politicians from Washington. The maimed survivors of the Aravaipa massacre were moved to the San Carlos Reservation; the Tonto Apache and the Yavapais and Tulkepais, non-Apache, were herded into the Camp Verde Reservation, just east of Prescott.

When all of these peaceful attempts failed, as General Crook had predicted, the General was ordered to proceed with his troops to accomplish what Colyer and Howard had failed to do through negotiations.

Crook sent out his fast-moving detachments. It was a formidable attack force, one the Apache tribes had not seen or anticipated.

Thus, as part of this hard drive, Brevet Major William H. Brown, with companies G, L, and M of the Fifth Cavalry, found themselves struggling up the slopes of the Superstition Mountains in Arizona, "looking for Apaches."

Occasionally they worked hard to build small fires, the only kind permitted or possible, and could scarcely warm their freezing fingers or dry their wet, frozen moccasins or boots.

A half-breed leading the Apache

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scouts meanwhile searched ahead for signs of a *rancheria,* reported to be somewhere in the Four Peaks, or "Matitzal" Range. It was said that this was the lair of the notorious rebel chieftain named Delche, already with a price on his head.

It was not until the evening of December 27 that Major Brown informed the other officers of his plans. In the Salt River Canyon, or "Salado" ahead, there was the concealed cave of renegades.

All of the soldiers donned moccasins and cushioned the inside with grass so that they might creep over rocky soil soundlessly, Indian style. They now left their supplies with the mules under guard and proceeded on foot, carrying only guns and ammunition. Each man carried a little coffee, bacon, bread, and one canteen of water. The Apache scouts killed a mule and had a feast, for no Indian in any tribe liked to fight on an empty stomach.

The men selected for this ambush waited until dark, then moved out, and up, from their camp. They had a single guide, Nataje, who had lived all his life in the Matitzal Range. This guide said he knew exactly where the cave hideout was and would lead them to it, day or night.

The men followed their scout up a steep slope to the Salado Canyon and along a mesa which paralleled it. Here Nataje discovered footprints. Lt. Burns followed him with Company G.

The scout returned alone. At dawn, Lt. William J. Ross picked six of his best shots and they left, following both Nataje and the half-breed named MacIntosh. Their guides led them along a hazardous trail, narrow and stony, in the face of the canyon. A false step would hurl them several feet to sure death. Finally they reached a sharp turn in the trail.

Silently they peered around the rock wall to see the "cave," which was really a sheltered spot on a shelf in the wall of the canyon, with large boulders on all sides. Their bodies and faces silhouetted in the small campfire, there were a number of braves calmly talking. Lt. Ross told his marksmen to take careful aim.

Six rifle shots crashed and reverberated hollowly through the canyon, accompanied by cries of outrage from the surprised Indians. A volley of arrows ricocheted and splintered on the rocks about them. Then Ross sent several of his men to the other side of the hideout, and they dashed to positions on that side, effectively surrounding the raiding party of Apaches, cutting off a retreat.

Now the major's voice was heard in the darkness, calling in the Tonto dialect for their surrender, His offer was answered by screams of rage and a shower of bullets and arrows, causing no casualties among the whites. Then Major Brown directed his men to fire at the roof of the cave.

This fire proved deadly. Bullets, glancing off the sloping roof of the hideout, fell with devastating effect upon the crowd inside, killing and wounding a number (including children, according to one report).

Then the blackness of the night was rent with the bloodcurdling "death chant" of the natives. When this died down, the Apaches made a brave attempt to break their siege with a sudden charge. Their fire, dying down but still good enough for a back-light, made them good targets for the soldiers, who brought down more braves, firing at will. Now the air was filled with the cries of children, wounded braves, and screams of defiance from the survivors.

Above the tumult, mingling with the outcries and barking of rifles, there rose again the weird death chant. This song was both sad and challenging, a dirge for the whites to remember for the rest of their lives, an integral part of this drama of life and death enacted in the eerie setting of a winter's night in Salt Canyon.

Directly above this besieged cave, on the edge of the canyon wall, other spectators watched the battle with great interest. These were the men with Lt. Burns of Company G, who had separated from the attacking party earlier, travelling along the rim. When things seemed to have reached a stalemate, the lieutenant got an idea. He ordered his men to roll huge boulders to the edge, then shove them over.

This unexpected avalanche accomplished what the ricocheting bullets had started. Amidst the rubble, shrill cries of dying Indians rose to a crescendo, then finally all was quiet. The soldiers closed in on the cave. The shelf, now filled with rocks and debris from the canyon rim, was filled with shot and mangled bodies — they did not find one Indian alive, although it is recorded that one did escape, only to be killed a short time later at another Apache strongpoint, Turret Butte. They counted sixty-six dead braves.

This particular battle, along with numerous others, was a part of the campaign planned by General Crook. The commander had felt from the start that this was the only solution. So while others were holding councils, he was training and organizing a new type of desert attack force. And he had proven himself right — militarily.

As for the Apaches, without impregnable hideouts, how could they hope to drive the hated whites from the southwest? Crook's scouts were natives of various regions, and Crook could select just the ones he needed for any given raid. It was a combination the Indians could not combat, and the majority of the Apaches

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agreed to settle on the proffered reservations.

The principal areas set aside for this purpose were five in number. In Arizona, about 150 miles southeast of Flagstaff, was Fort Apache, with its reservation. Due south was the San Carlos Reservation. In the southeast corner of Arizona was the Chihuahua Reservation, with Fort Bowie to "guard" it. In New Mexico there were two large areas. About 140 miles southwest of Albuquerque was the Warm Springs Reservation, and about the same distance southeast of the city, the intended corral for the Mescaleros.

Laying out reservations was one thing, but keeping Indians on a starvation diet in these areas was quite another, as the whites soon learned. Most Apaches were little men, probably the toughest humans to ever live on this planet; learning to raise cattle and plant crops did not fit into the picture of life as they and their forefathers had always known it.

In early 1862, Brig. Gen. James Henry Carleton led the California Column of Volunteers from the Pacific, with the order to rout the Confederates from Arizona and New Mexico. His column arrived in Tucson in June of that year. His men stood in a dazed condition as they heard their general declared "The United States Governor of Arizona." Then on July 4, 1862, the general sent Capt. Thomas Roberts in command of 126 men, 22 wagons, and 2 howitzers along the Butterfield Stage road to the Valley of the Rio Grande. On July 15 at Apache Pass, Cochise with 700 braves attacked his column, but the howitzers saved the whites from massacre. They then fought their way through Apache Pass.

Later reports from both soldiers and Indians who were involved indicated that almost all of the Indian casualties were caused by artillery, not from the inaccurate fire of the recruits from California.

Next, Carelton heard of an Apache uprising in the southwest region of New Mexico and sent Brig. Gen. Joseph R. West to this area. There the famous Chief Mangas Coloradas was captured (under a truce flag), tortured, according to a witness, and killed while "attempting to escape."

Shortly after this, a fierce young warrior named Victorio took over command of the Mimbre Apache. This Indian, of unknown origin, was leader of the Mimbre tribe for the following fifteen years and was long remembered by white settlers. The lightning attacks of these Indians on cattle, horses, and families of the whites, plus their disappearance into the thin desert air, caused many a settler to stay awake nights, those who survived.

General Carleton concentrated on the Mescalero Apache, in the vicinity of the settlements on New Mexico. Once defeated, they had risen again in 1861 with the advent of the Civil War and the weakening of garrisons in the west. The Indian agent for this area estimated that they killed 46 whites in 1862, and had abducted numerous white children into slavery. The agent added, "There is no security for life or property."

Carleton then had a combination of California Volunteers and New Mexico volunteers converge on the Mescaleros. Result: Several hundred members of this tribe ended up at a reservation at Bosque Redondo in New Mexico.

Next, a string of forts were built to keep the Apache out of southwest and central New Mexico. The Apaches showed their disdain for this defense line by raiding the forts themselves, at will. The Mimbres Apache were still warring with the whites upon the termination of the Civil War.

Arizona became a territory on Feb. 24, 1863. A state of anarchy had prevailed in this land, the whites

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matching treacherous tactics with the natives.

After the southwest passed under the command of three other ineffectual military commanders, alternating between meaningless negotiations and fruitless chasing of Indians with their worn-out cavalry units, hundreds of letters were sent to Washington, demanding that something drastic be done to protect white towns and settlers. Thus Lt. Col. George Crook arrived as new commander on June 4, 1871.

To the surprise of the Indians throughout this area, the new Brigadier General Crook recently promoted) proved to be a man of his word, being as fair and just in peace as he was ingenuous and hard-hitting in battle.

Peace reigned throughout Arizona until Gen. Grook was transferred north in 1875. Then the intriguing, grafting "Tucson Ring" pressured Washington to stop the allotments of food for the Chiricahuas, in charge of the popular agent, Tom Jeffords. By Feb., 1876 their rations had been cut off entirely. They broke from the reservation for the hills, mounted and with hunting weapons. As a result, the rest of the Chiricahuas were moved to the San Carlos Reservation.

Then followed other "escapes," notably a flight into Mexico under Geronimo. The roundup of this famous warleader is a story in itself. On April 22, 1877, Clum (the new agent) with a force of volunteers from other tribes of Apache, plus a contingent of Apache police (hidden in the brush), confronted the war chief and 110 of his men. Clum gave a signal, and Geronimo found himself surrounded. Also, the other important renegade chief, Victorio, and 342 of his braves were captured in this manner.

Victorio escaped twice more and was finally caught in a box canyon by a large force of Mexican troops in the Mexican State of Chihuahua. Here he was shot, with 78 of his followers. On July 17, 1882 the last large battle on Arizona soil was fought between soldiers and the White Mountain Apache at Chevalon Creek.

(continued on page 60)

U.S. Cavalry

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This is an account of "Gunplay" Maxwell, a would-be badman who talked a tough fight but rarely won any of them. To acquire a reputation, Maxwell started bragging around that he was going to shoot it out with Butch Cassidy. You may be able to guess the result.

THE GREAT "GUNPLAY"

by Bill Kelly

The entire Wild Bunch never numbered more than twenty-five to thirty members at one time. They never banded together more than five or six men on one job; mostly they traveled about in two's and three's, and more often than not they paired off.

Butch Cassidy usually traveled with the Sundance Kid or Elzy Lay, one or the other; seldom were all three together.

Grimes and Bob Ricker were a team, as was Flat-nose George and the Curry brothers. Indian Ed, Blue John, and Silver Tip were as thick as fleas. Joe Walker moved alone, while C.L. "Gunplay" Maxwell was almost a complete outcast. He was the black sheep of the flock.

He had been born of poverty and ignorance, and he never learned to overcome the disadvantages of his background. Anyone who expected to find him a malleable friend soon learned they were slightly mistaken, as Joe Walker found out.

Gunplay Maxwell alias John Carter, like most of the other members of the Wild Bunch, was a cattle thief and horse stealer. He was more of a fumbler than the rest, but long after Butch and the others were gone, Gunplay was still trying to prove that he was a real tough badman. Maxwell was first noticed in the vicinity of Preston Nutter's ranch, just east of Price. His brother ran the town's only butcher shop under the fictitious name of 'Thomas.' He was the main outlet for the stolen beef rustled in the vicinity.

The 1890s were prosperous years for outlaw bands; you could hardly pick up a newspaper without reading of Butch Cassidy and his Wild Bunch. Gunplay wanted badly to be a part of this. In fact he invented "The Maxwell Gang" and elected himself their leader. Someday, he pledged, he would even make Butch Cassidy take notice of him.

Maxwell threw in with another saddle tramp that history records only as 'Porter.' Together they furnished the beef to the various mines. The beef they supplied was not their own, of course.

When it came right down to it, Gunplay was just a tinhorn who was scorned by Cassidy, who was never accepted as a gang member, but was more so a squatter. All Maxwell wanted to do was to show the boys just how much of a badman he really was. But he received little cooperation in his goal.

Like the time in the Hill Creek country, just east of Green River; Gunplay rode into a mining camp, looking for Gilsonite. He was accepted as a guest, and after a hearty meal the tough miners gathered around the campfire to relate a few hair-raising adventures.

Out of sheer boredom Gunplay decided he would show them how tough he was. Of course, he picked on the smallest man in the group, one affectionately called 'Shorty' by the others. Shorty was a great, earthen-hued man, mature but sprightly; he had a cylindrical torso and a smaller cylinder of a head rising directly out of it. But Gunplay made fun of his size. This, of course, led to the destruction of their relationship. Finally, after trying to convince Gunplay that the job wouldn't be as easy as it looked, the miners told Gunplay to take off his guns and fight Shorty fairly. Gunplay's face had a pleasant, asymmetrical grin on it. It was the grin of a shy fellow happy to be recognized, at last, as a member of the gang in good standing. Stripped of his guns, he was immersed in heavy thought when someone yelled, "Go get 'um Shorty!" And Shorty, a temperamental tiger, tore into Gunplay, grunting with pleasure like a hippopotamus in a beer vat. It was like a tiger fighting for his mate. It was almost a miracle that Gunplay was not killed — which you've got to conclude that anyone deranged enough to challenge the little fellow had it coming.

You would think that this would have taught Gunplay a lesson. But he didn't learn quite that easy.

During the summer of 1897, in the town of Vernal, a town rated no better than promising, a few of the boys were on trial, or as Gunplay put it, "being harassed." It is difficult to comprehend, but Gunplay came forth as a 'character witness' for his pals. A colossus of loyalty, he even went so far as to openly threaten the prosecutor, Sam Thurman, a jovial, rosy-cheeked man who later became a supreme court justice of Utah.

The following morning, as the spectators rolled into the courthouse, Sheriff John T. Pope stood just inside the door, disarming everyone as they filled the room. As Gunplay stood in line, he was like a tiger tasting blood, but he decided he would bide his time. He handed over his pistol like everyone else.

All during the trial this bothered Gunplay, a man with his matchless skills being disarmed by a small-time sheriff.

When court adjourned, each man was handed his sidearms as he left the room. Gunplay was the very last in line. When he came face to face with the sheriff, he would tell him a thing or two. But somehow the calculations had gone awry; the old fellow, who was a mountain of firmness, said in a low, even voice, "Get out of town before sunrise, or I'll come looking for you, Gunplay." Frustrated, the would-be gunfighter mounted up and left town.

In the light of all that had happened to Gunplay, he just had to do something to redeem himself in the eyes of his followers — however few. With sober reflection, Gunplay Maxwell revealed with pardonable pride that he was going to have a shoot-out with Butch Cassidy.

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This is the only known photo of Gunplay Maxwell, and his daughter, Merl.

From author's photo collection.

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Just the thought of it would be enough to send the Good Humor man into hiding. But Gunplay was serious; he even went so far as to send Cassidy a message to get out of town or suffer the cruel fate of meeting him in a gunfight. Maxwell had made camp just outside of Vernal, where Cassidy had been staying. The message was delivered to Butch.

A fortnight later Cassidy rode toward Maxwell's camp, yawning at the prospect of facing Gunplay in a showdown. Gunplay spotted Cassidy and rode out to meet him halfway. No one knows what the two gunmen said at that meeting; some have guessed and more than likely they are right when they say that Cassidy told Gunplay to turn around and ride out of there or he would shoot him deader than last week's news. The fact is, Gunplay handed Butch his pistol and left — the thing to do when you suspect genius. A harsh insistence on conventional methods may spoil an original style. The faintest frown of fortune sent Gunplay packing.

He returned to his haunts to gather his wits; Cassidy had made him look like two sides of a triangle in search of a third. Now bank robbing wasn't the easiest way to make a living, and up until now the hair-raising adventures of Gunplay Maxwell didn't take in that sport. But he decided that if Butch could do it, why not?

Porter was selected as his sidekick. He was a traditionalist, who moved gracefully and with almost too much confidence. A mahogany lad, he displayed a pinch of spontaneity. Maxwell rounded up several other strays from Robber's Roost and the stage was set. He mapped out a plan that would have been an extraordinary accomplishment, if it worked.

At dusk the Maxwell gang rode straight for the bank in Provo, owned and operated by Senator Reed Smoot. They made camp in the willows at the mouth of Provo Canyon. For several days the gang stayed in camp miles from the town and its potential distractions, going over their plans, studying the routes leading to and from the bank. There could be no slip-up.

With understandable awe, Gunplay read of Butch and Elzy Lay dredging fortunes from the banks and trains. All this only made him a more determined man, which tends one to believe that he competed solely for the satisfaction of competing.

The gods of chance were against him. For a modest payoff, someone who knew about his plans, perhaps someone in the gang, warned Smoot of the coming holdup. Most of the ready cash was removed to a safer place. By sheer luck Maxwell got wind of this and changed his plans. The money was returned to Smoot's bank, and momentarily things were back to normal.

No one has ever been able to explain why, but Maxwell rented a buggy from Provo and he and Porter were seen riding down the main streets of Springfield. After a short stay they sent word out to their gang to assemble in the willows of Hobble Creek. There Gunplay unveiled his plans of knocking off the lightly guarded Springfield Bank at 3:00 the following afternoon.

Living in the atmosphere of tarnished citizens the liveryman became worried when his buggy became long overdue, so he swore out a warrant for Maxwell and Porter. Word reached the outlaws, which juggled their thinking and upset their plans somewhat. The great leader decided to strike at the unsuspecting bank earlier than he had planned, hoping his getaway horses had arrived at Hobble Creek.

The story goes, that around 10A.M. the following day, two toughs approached cashier Cummings of the Springfield bank and handed him a note. While reading the note, Cummings was planning his course of action. The note read...

"Springfield, Utah, May 28, 1898

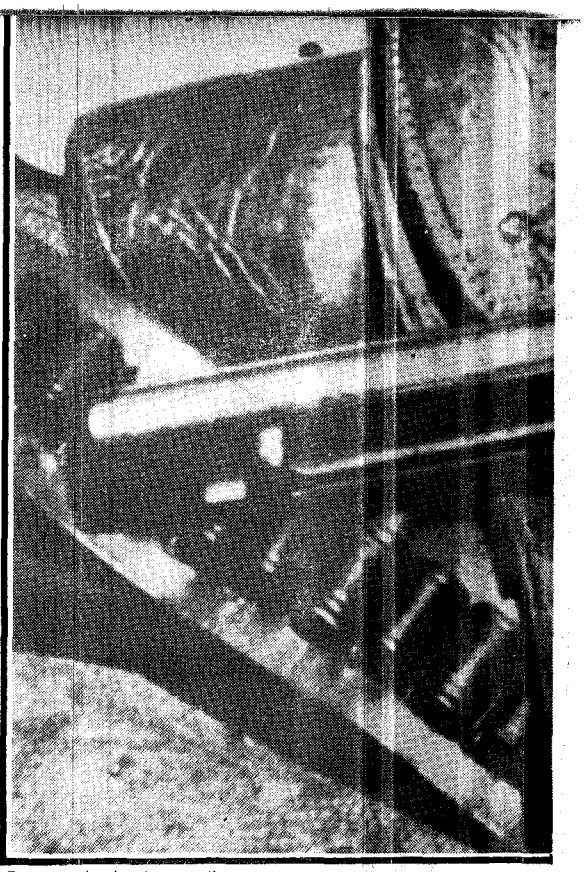
On sight pay to the order of T.S. Cerswell the sum of $200.
C.H. Carter, by T.C. Burton."

Cummings balked, became suspicious, and for some reason began stalling for the return of a bookkeeper who was out to lunch.

Repulsed by the squabbling, Maxwell threw down on him with a pistol, warned him not to make a foolish move, and while Porter held him at bay, Maxwell went into the vault and stuffed a gunny sack full of gold coins, amounting to $3,023.

The scene undergoes an interesting transformation as Cummings, as if to discourage the thought, reaches down under the counter and presses the alarm button which is connected to Reynolds' feed store across the street. Reynolds, startled by the unexpected buzz, picked up the phone and called across the street to the bank. (Hello, are you being robbed?) His preoccupation with such a trivial performance indicated that he wasn't worried.

At the other end of the call Maxwell warned the cashier not to answer



From author's photo collection.

the phone; back at the feed store, receiving no answer, Reynolds was seized with hopeless curiosity and darted out into the street with a double - barreled scattergun just as the robbers were trotting down the street in their hired buggy.

The alarm was given, and in no time a posse was assembled. There was no time for panic, although from the outside the scrambling resembled an Easter Egg hunt on April Fool's Day.

No one has ever been able to explain just why Maxwell favored a 'buggy' over horseback, but there they were, going down the dusty road with a posse storming at full speed behind them. It is a little difficult to drum up some sympathy for his situation. I mean, a buggy?

Maxwell and Porter came upon Mr. Snelson riding a beautiful bay mare. Maxwell offered to trade his horse and buggy for the mare; Snelson refused, so they did the next best thing — they took it from him. As they were leaving, Maxwell tossed forty-five dollars at Snelson; Mr. Snelson looked at him with a placid, obliging condescension.

They didn't even have time to mount the lone horse; the posse was within 100 yards. The picture became hopeless as the two badmen scrambled into the underbrush near the mouth of Hobble Creek, trying to carry the heavy sacks of gold, spilling most of it, leaving a trail that Hansel and Gretel could follow.

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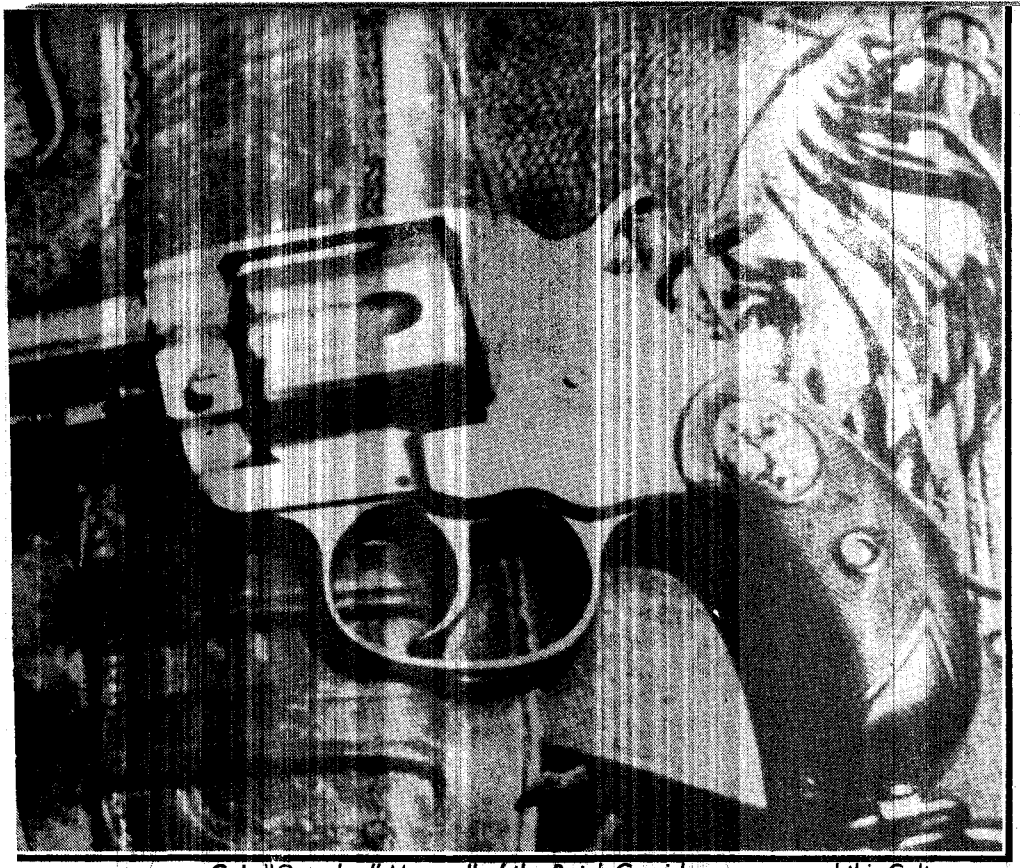

C. L. "Gunplay" Maxwell of the Butch Cassidy gang owned this Colt M-1878 .44-40 Frontier revolver, Serial Number 30245.

The town's law enforcement machinery moved into high gear; sheriffs, butchers, bankers, farmers, and the town drunks surrounded the thicket where the two outlaws had taken refuge.

Soon the entire woods were filled with manhunters and still more were coming; there were two hundred after the two of them. Every escape was blocked; Joe Allen, a grizzled, sailorly - looking blacksmith, reasoned that given eight men he would go in and flush out the bandits. Examining the matter closely, it would be like taking cheese from a set mousetrap.

The posse finally moved in; they'd found Gunplay hidden under some leaves, shielded by a few entangled branches. He didn't look fierce, though — just meditative. He was trying to figure out why the posse was acting the way it was. "Just trying to claw out a living boys," Gunplay said in a soothing voice. That was one explanation anyway.

Surveying the dismal surroundings, another pile of leaves uncovered the other outlaw, who elected to fight it out. Having a less conversational style than Gunplay, Porter opened fire on the possemen without a second's respite. Allen was felled with a wound in his left leg; he fired back, and Porter mumbled something about the stupidity of the 'buggy' and died.

A cross section of opinion had it that Maxwell tried to pass it all off as a joke, which it really was. The bank had been robbed at 10:05 A.M., May 28, 1898; by 12:45 A.M. one man was dead, another in the clink, and most of the money had been recovered. Springfield indeed had something to celebrate.

Gunplay Maxwell went to trial on September 20, 1898, offering no defense except that it wasn't his fault he fell in with dumb partners, that his mistake was in hiring the buggy alright, but his friends never arrived from Provo to stand by with the getaway horses.

The trial reached its incomprehensible conclusion, like a play with three first acts, and Maxwell was sentenced to eighteen years in prison by an unmoved judge.

The $500 reward for the bandits went to Allen who, because of the bullet wound in his leg, had that limb amputated. The rest of the posse voted he be awarded the money.

Presently Gunplay became the central figure in a nationwide campaign, largely female. They practically kidnaped him out from under the law. Because of public pressure his sentence was commuted on November 21, 1903. The Great Gunplay went to work as a mine guard during a wildcat strike in the Carbon County coal mines. When the strike ended, the company rejected the possibility of letting Maxwell go for fear he would rob them blind. He knew too much about the company's business.

The company was at a loss what to do, and while they were still pondering the case, a resident of Price, known by historians only as "Shoot - um - up Bill," arrived on the scene. One old-timer, who knew them all, recalled Bill: "He was the only man I ever knew who could walk into an empty room and start a fight."

The waters were ruffled between the two characters from the start. "Shoot - um - up" was a pale old man who was the shade and shape of a fat, soft clam. But trying to gain attention, he stated that Gunplay didn't have the guts that God gave a lazy white dog. At least that's the rumor the Carbon County Mining Company spread. The campaign was mounted, and Gunplay was on the market like a side of beef. According to the officials at the mine, Gunplay was out to get Shoot - um - up on sight.

As tension built up, the town had observed the ruckus between the two with polite amusement, like members of Miss Jackson's classes visiting a school for delinquent children.

Then it happened.

The two gunmen came together on the main street, and affected by the carnival spirit, they went for their guns. Shoot - um - up fired twice before Gunplay ever cleared his holster. The survey, conducted no doubt by people of great erudition, disclosed that no one mourned Gunplay except his wife. Gunplay lay dead in the street, his body in the shape of a question mark.

My friend Charles Pittering of Burbank, California traveled to Flagstaff, Arizona several times to interview Mrs. Maxwell in late 1947 and early 1948. He had hopes of writing the biography of C.L. "Gunplay" Maxwell, but the plan never did materialize. It is from his unpublished manuscript that some of this material is taken. It is also from him that we get the photo of Gunplay, published here for the first time, with Maxwell's only daughter, Merl.

Maxwell's widow married Pete Neilson, a reformed cattle and horse thief who also roamed the haunts of Robbers Roost.

It was in 1910 when Maxwell got his, and although he was not mourned by many, he did bring some happiness to the world, because one newspaper mentioned: "The congregation stood on the riverbank at the funeral, singing "Oh Happy Day." ●**RW**

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

Q. I was wondering about these two questions: Was Comanche really the greatest horse in the 7th Cavalry? Whose idea was it to attack the Indian camp before the Little Bighorn? Please send me some material on the facts about Little Bighorn and bill me. M. Spickelmier, Mtn. Home, Idaho.
A. Comanche was just another horse in the 7th Cavalry; his only distinction was that he was the only survivor of Custer's command. It was Custer's idea (against orders and against common sense) to attack the Indians assembled at the Little Bighorn. He obviously didn't realize how big the band was. We can't send you any material, but for people interested in Custer and the Little Bighorn, we recommend a book replete with Custer material, including specifically everything known about Little Bighorn: *The Custer Myth,* by Colonel W.A. Graham (Bonanza Books, New York) which your library has or can secure for you.

Q. Do the tribal names of Indians have any meaning? I am particularly interested in the names Cherokee and Tuscarora. Also, how many tribes made up the Iroquois confederacy, and where did they live? L. Pullen, Hattiesburg, Miss.
A. Tribal names do indeed have a meaning. Cherokee means "crooked tongues" and Tuscarora means "hemp gatherers." The Iroquois union was made up of from eight to ten tribal groups (they fluctuated) and occupied alongside the St. Lawrence River, southern Ontario, central and western New York, eastern Ohio and northern Pennsylvania.

Q. Why were the Mormons so successful in their relations with the Indians? V. Daglis, Ames, Iowa.
A. There was a little trouble at first; some stock - stealing went on and a few Indians were killed by the settlers. Brigham Young, the leader of the Mormons, was a far-sighted man. "It's cheaper to feed the Indians," he said, "than to fight them." Based on this enlightened view, the policy of "feed 'em, don't fight 'em" was successful.

Q. To settle an argument, who discovered the Great Salt Lake? B. Poole, Peoria, Ill.
A. Well, of course, the answer rightly is "some unknown Indians," but you no doubt mean what white man. Records say that Jim Bridger, the famous mountain man, at the age of twenty. He was a member of a fur-hunting party led by William Ashley and Andrew Henry, but he discovered the Lake while on a side journey of his own.

Q. What is the name of the rock, and where is it, that has the names of Western pioneers written on it? I read a reference to it in an article I read. V. Verniss, Kearney, Neb.
A. It's a rock all right, but the name is misleading; it is a great outcropping of stone, like a small hill, and it is called Independence Rock. It is located on the Sweetwater River, fifty miles west of Casper, Wyoming, on the route of early travelers to the West, and it has hundreds of names cut into it.

Q. Did Indians have a sense of humor? I've read a lot about them but never came across any indication of humor. L. Moulton, Richfield, Minn.
A. Obviously you have been reading history books which concentrate on the large issues like battle, raiding, and general mayhem. You should read social studies of the various tribes, of which there are quite a few, and which deal with the daily lives of the Indians. They, like all of us, were varied. They had (and have) their sour pusses, their tightwads, their generous ones, and their humorous members. Of course, they had a sense of humor. It's an attribute of man to distinguish him from the animals. As an example, there is one story attributed to a pioneer who said he stopped one night at an Indian encampment to ask directions. He was advised by the chief to spend the night. "Will we be safe here?" asked the pioneer's wife. "Heap safe," replied the Indian. "No white man within fifty miles."

Q. Where was John Sutter of Sutter's Fort located in early California, and how much land did it cover? O. Haasen, Winnepeg, Manitoba.
A. The land grant encompassed "eleven square leagues of land where three rivers, the Sacramento, the San Joaquin and the American flow together into the Bay of San Francisco" according to our reference books. It was on the site of California's present capital, Sacramento, with Sutter's Fort as the center.

Q. Can you recommend a book on the whole early history of the West, suitable for a fifteen - year - old boy? Nothing too dry, please. W. Bourdon, Lafayette, La.
A. There are many, but one that seems to us to fit your criterion is *The Old West Speaks,* by Howard R. Driggs (Bonanza Books, New York).

Q. I know that this is not a strictly Western question, but as I am a subscriber and a great fan of REAL WEST and have never asked before, I thought you would be kind enough to answer this question: Whatever became of General McClellan whom Lincoln fired as head of the Union Army? V. Venancio, Buffalo, N.Y.
A. It is true that that is not a strictly Western question, but we are more than happy to be of service to our readers. George Brinton McClellan ran against Lincoln for the presidency in 1864. He was defeated, of course, and then travelled extensively in Europe with his family. He was later New York's chief engineer of docks and then governor of New Jersey. He wrote *McClellan's Own Story* (1887) which, though out of print, is still in many libraries. ●RW

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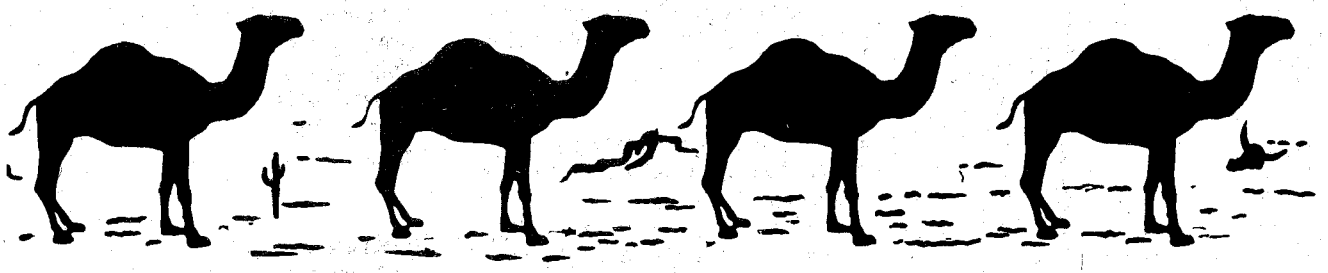
ASTRIDE THE HUMP OF THE OLD WEST

by Clarence M. Fink



Two weary and thirst-crazed prospectors, searching the dusty and sandy acreage around the edge of California's Death Valley, groaned with heartfelt relief when they came upon and stumbled down to drink from a muddy pool of water they hadn't expected to find in their erratic wanderings in this burning heat.

When they raised their heads after drinking deeply of this precious and life-giving fluid, they thought they had lost their minds when they noticed nine camels silhouetted against the dim horizon. Could it be just another mirage like the ones that beckoned to them all throughout yesterday, like streams of clear, tempting water that had flaunted themselves before thirsty men? No, this wasn't the Sahara Desert, because when these animals caught the scent of humans they snorted loudly in panic and loped away. But this was certainly the land of horses and mules, not camels, they reasoned to themselves.

Yet these men told this "wild" story in the next town, and the townspeople laughed at the duo. "Crazy with the heat!" was the verdict of all. Still, awhile later another tale of three camels carrying gold nuggets strapped to their backs was caught by a miner combing the desert for the precious metal.

Then to make it more official, in 1885 General Douglas MacArthur, then but a mere lad of five stationed at Fort Seldom, New Mexico with his father, told of seeing a curious and frightening animal that wandered into camp one afternoon. This shambling-legged creature with the nosey head and long curving neck was but a pre-Civil War example of a government experiment that finally lost itself in forgotten limbo.

In 1848 Major Henry Wayne, assistant to the Quartermaster General in Washington, came up with what he thought was a good idea. The U.S. Government had acquired a half million square miles of new territory due to conquest after the Mexican War. The fierce Indians still plagued the trails and byways of the West and needed to be controlled by the military. Why not, he reasoned, employ African "ships of the desert," sturdy dromedary beasts of burden for efficient transportation and to carry the light artillery to help in battling the fighting red men? Congress took to the idea like ducks to water and appropriated $36,000 for this odd and badly timed government experiment.

Secretary of War Jefferson Davis commissioned Wayne to purchase the animals, and he sailed on the storeship *Supply*.

Wayne's interest picked up tenfold when he studied 250 camels at Pisa, Italy, where on a farm he saw these animals doing the work of a thousand horses. Too, in the Crimea, when on a side trip, the British quartermaster assured him that an Arabian could load 600 pounds on its back and still travel thirty miles a day. With enthusiasm still high, the American learned that in battle, a square of camels with legs hobbled could give protection to hundreds of troops.

Thus encouraged, Wayne set about and purchased 33 beasts at Tunis and Smyrna, paying from a hundred to four hundred dollars apiece for these shambling beasts of burden: Twenty-two Arabian camels, then Bactrians (two-humped) and one enormous "booghdee," a hybrid with but one hump. Buying these animals was probably

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Real West Movie Hall Of Fame

TOM KEENE

by Mario DeMarco

I met Tom before his death in 1963 and will always remember him with his friendly smile and great handshake, letting me know that he was pleased to meet me again (the previous time being in Hollywood back in 1942). The saddest part about Tom was that he had good looks, a physique, and a good talking voice; but as one well - known director once remarked, "He never had that strong point in his makeup to really put over his part in an effective way." Looking at some of his early films, I can now understand what this director meant. In *Our Daily Bread* Keene had a strong part as the leader who persuades the farmers to dig irrigation ditches to save their crops. Tom could have really put "meat" into this role, but it turned out as an ordinary acting bit. Unlike most stars, Keene started out in films on top, which smetimes is a mistake, because as one film star remarked, "When you hit the top, you can only go one way after — down."

He was born George Duryea near Rochester, New York on October 31, 1904. Orphaned at an early age, he went to live with an aunt and uncle who raised him. George attended Carnegie Tech and Columbia University, where he took up dramatics, graduating with a B.A. degree. Deciding that acting was for him, he joined up with a stock company in Skowhegan, Maine. Within a short time the young, good - looking actor was appearing on the Broadway stage in plays like "Madam X" and "Abie's Irish Rose." He played the part of Abie for several years, and this famous play took him to different parts of the globe. When he returned home he played the lead in "The Barber Had Two Sons."

His success on the Broadway stage brought him to Hollywood in 1929, when he got the starring role in Cecil B. deMille's *The Godless Girl*, a partial talkie — and several more leads for such studios as Warner Brothers and Wallace Reid Productions — but this time straight dramatic roles were heavy and George turned to westerns, after being cast as a western hero in a Wallace Reid film, *Dude Wrangler*. RKO-Pathe signed him up in 1930 to a long-term contract; it was then that he changed his name to Tom Keene. Using this name, Tom made about a dozen top-grade westerns for RKO between 1931 and 1933, and was hailed as a new cowboy star. During these years he did several dramatic films and eventually went back to westerns, playing in several Zane Grey pictures for Paramount Studios. Jobs became fewer and Tom signed with Crescent Pictures in 1936. His films were based on historical events; some of them were very well put together. Rita Cansino was his leading lady in several of them (years later she became known as Rita Hayworth). It is quite interesting to note that when Miss Hayworth became famous, these same films were retitled and reissued, with Rita Hayworth billed as the star and Keene (who was the original star) with second billing.

In 1937-38 he did four westerns for Monogram Studios and eight more in 1941-42. His sidekick in many of these pictures was the amusing Frank Haconelli, who usually was cast as an Italian with a heavy accent in many other films. Tom's urge for the stage became strong again and he headed for Broadway with a new name, Richard Powers. But the play failed and he headed back to Hollywood and westerns. After playing character parts for RKO, Republic and PRC, he landed a sizeable part in Roy Rogers' *Trail of Robin Hood*. Next came the lead as Richard Powers in Republic's *Desperadoes of the West*, a 12-chapter play and the first of his career, in 1950. He starred in several TV westerns in the mid-50s before he hung up his guns and turned his horse to pasture, devoting his time to insurance and real estate.

In the case of Tom Keene, his love was with the stage; actually, he was forced to play western roles in order to survive. Had things been different, who knows what fate would have dealt him? On August 4, 1963 he died of cancer at the Motion Picture County Hospital in Woodland Hills, California. George Duryea (Tom Keene, Richard Powers) nevertheless made his mark as a western star to his many fans. ●RW

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by
Neil Haddock

THOSE WONDERFUL

A place called Wizard Wells is about sixty miles north of Fort Worth, Texas. Folks from all over Texas and even Oklahoma traveled there, as to other places, to "take the course," and you'll still find old-timers around who'll swear it cured everything from athlete's foot to dishpan hands.

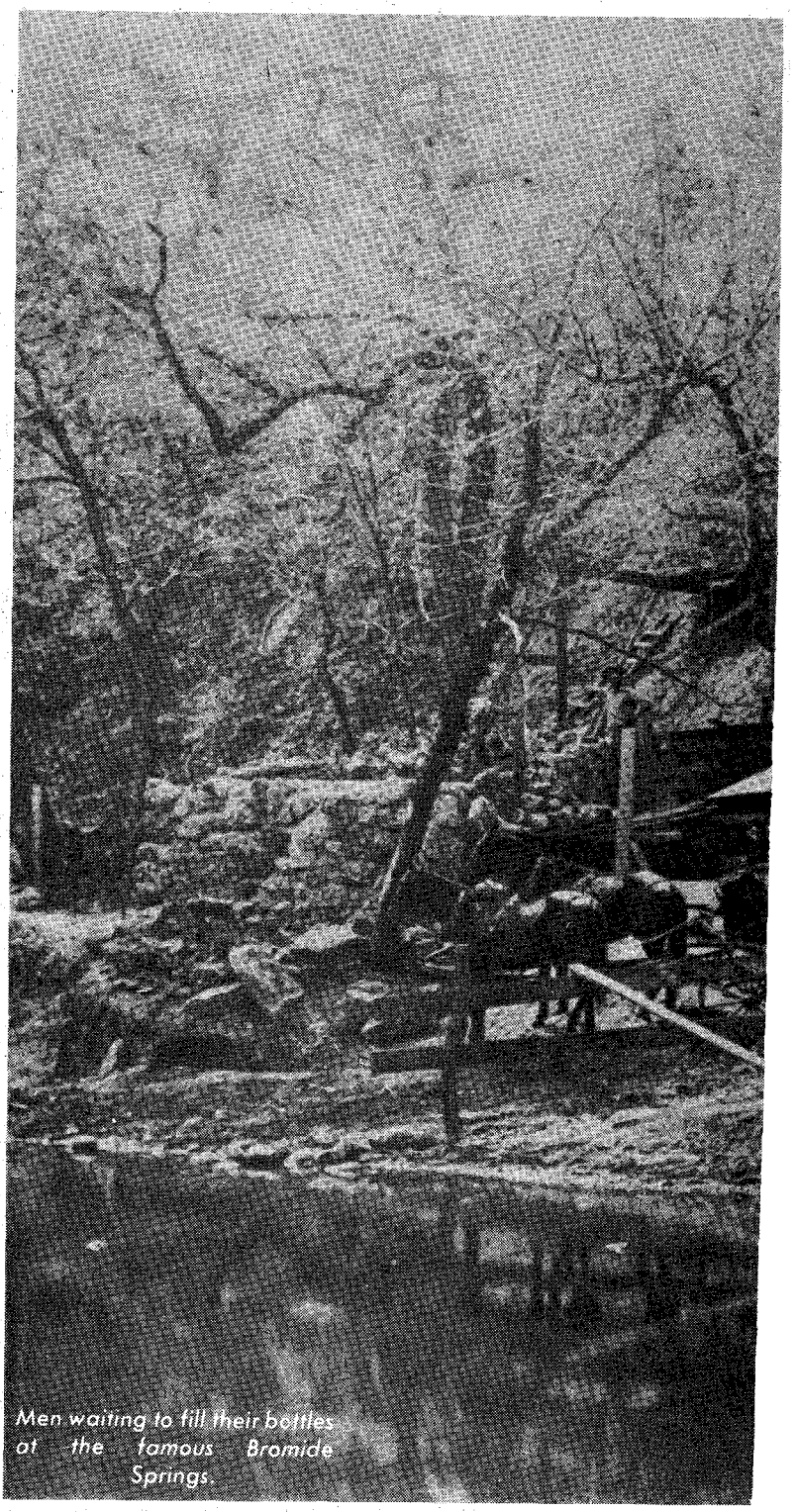
If you've ever been thirsty to the point you found your mouth no longer capable of manufacturing saliva and your tongue is stuck to its roof like glue to your hands when you're trying to repair a broken dish, maybe you will appreciate this story and the people who made it possible. Most of the people mentioned in this article did experience that condition. But thanks to the "Old Man Upstairs" most of them made and were largely responsible for many towns and cities, as well as a few ghost towns. So if you ain't got nothing to do but read, I'd like to take up some of your time.

I have always been curious as to how towns, cities and hamlets gained their names. Why did some of them thrive while others died? Why was that particular location chosen for settlement? Who decided those things? In other words, who was responsible for their being there in the first place? Some of the settlements in this article may include a place you once visited, you may even live there; yet others will probably be places you have never heard of. We did discover, however, that they all had one thing in common ... "Healing water." From Fort Worth, Texas it's about sixty miles north to Wizard Wells, where many people went to be healed.

"Take the course" was a familiar response to anyone who may have complained of anything from athlete's foot to dishpan hands. At Wizard that bit of advice was given in barber shops, general stores, saloons and even sometimes in church before 1912, when the healing-water well went dry.

Located near Lake Bridgeport, about twelve miles east of Jacksboro and Fort Richardson, the old town gained quite a name as a healing-water spa. Famous Fort Griffin and its wild and woolly suburb, "The Flats," weren't much of a ride from Wizard Wells, and we understand folks like Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday, John Selman and just about any other badman or lawman hung out there at one time or other. Wizard Wells doesn't record much violence, so we assume the outlaws and lawmen were all in good health.

"The Course" amounted to a bath a day at two bits a bath for 21 days, and was reputed to be good for any ailment known to man. There are still people around who will attest to that. One gentleman who, at the time of this writing, is 77 years old and a native of Wizard Wells recalls that people would come in wagons from as far away as Oklahoma to take "The Course." He says the "Bean Creek Bottom," just below the town, would sometimes be packed with wagons, horses, and people camping, waiting to take "The Wonderful Healing Course." He also recalls that when he went to school, Wizard Wells School had 150 pupils enrolled. Now there is no school, no saloon, barber shop or general store. Nothing left but the cement highway and cars that he says killed the town. What started the whole thing was a fellow named George Washington Vineyard.



Men waiting to fill their bottles at the famous Bromide Springs.

As the story goes, Vineyard dug a well for his household use. But the water wasn't very appealing to the taste buds; as a matter of fact, it was downright repulsive. Seems it had a rusty taste and would work you out better than Epsom Salt or Black Drought. Vineyard dug the well in the early 1880s and, considering the water unfit for human comsumption, used it for bathing. Much to his surprise and delight, he discovered that bathing in that vile-tasting water cured the ulcers that had been tormenting him on his lower extremities for many years.

It didn't take long for the word to get around because

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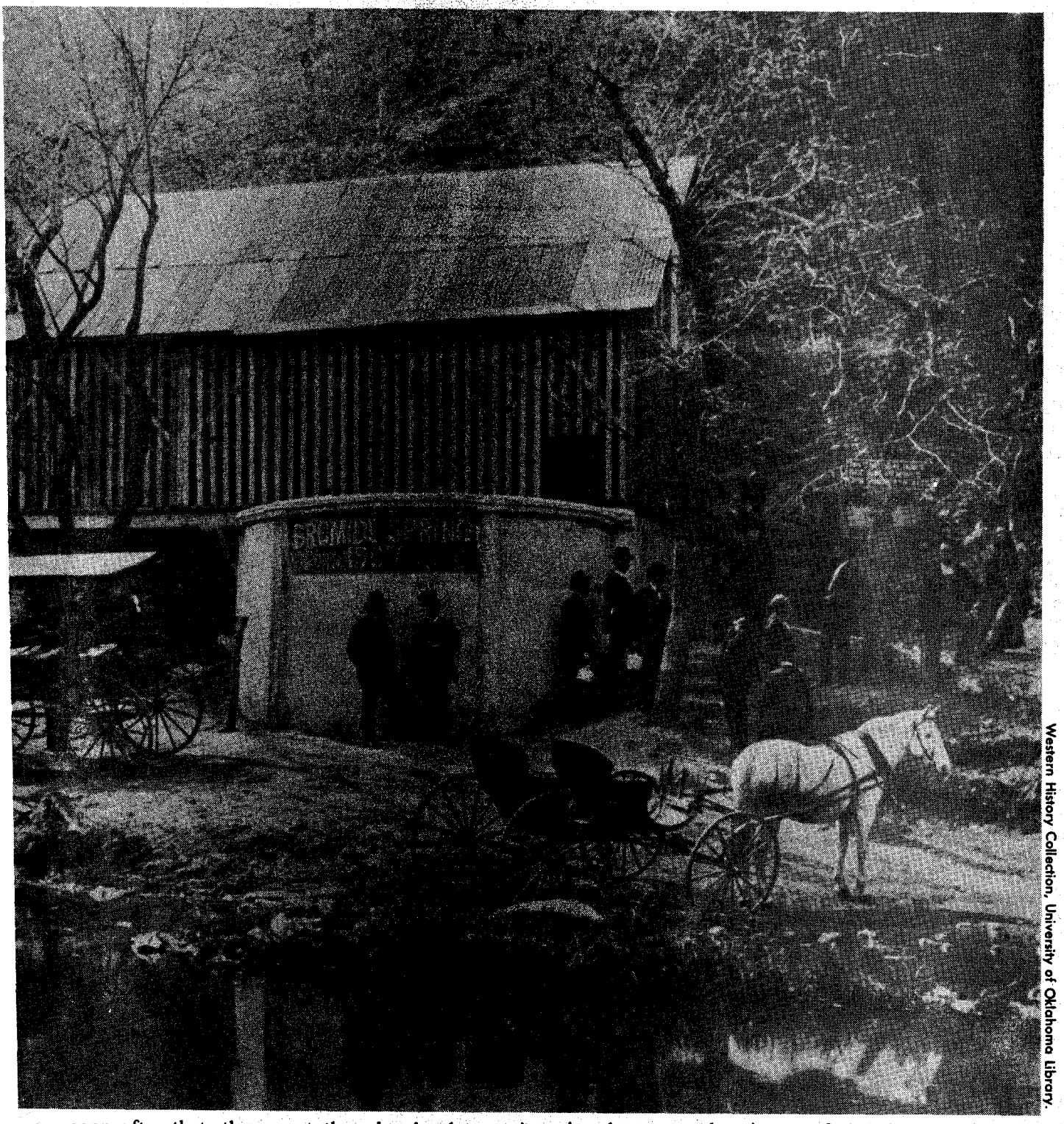
HEALING-WATER WELLS



Western History Collection, University of Oklahoma Library

soon after that, there were three hotels, three eating places, the Rock Island was making four stops a day, and they had a new school (and several open saloons cropped up around the well). Some of the hotels had carriages to meet people at the train station and escort them to their rooms. Lots of people who had the misfortune to encounter bad whiskey took "The Course" for a nervous disorder commonly known at that time as "Jake Leg." Jake Leg was usually caused by alcohol poison, but in most cases the baths cured it.

Wizard Wells was named by early explorers for its flowing mineral-water wells. The Kiowa Indians, inhabiting the area at that time, professed that the water had great healing power and was very good medicine. On our last visit to that old forgotten spa, we were informed that the last hotel built in Wizard Wells had been purchased by a young man named Davis and that he plans to restore the old Lone Star Hotel.

We left Wizard Wells, headed for the "Old Red River" and the Indian Territory. As we traveled through the Arbuckle Mountains in Southern Oklahoma and marveled at the way Mother Nature had chosen to present that part of the country, we wondered if the Spanish and French explorers had felt the same exhilaration.

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A person who has never seen the Arbuckle Mountains might imagine towering, snow-peaked elevations of earth such as those found in Colorado or Utah, but that ain't the truth. Actually, the highest peak in the Arbuckles is just several hundred feet high. Geologists claim that the Arbuckles were the tallest mountains in the world during the prehistoric period. They contend that the ocean covered that part of the southwest at one time, and acts of nature, glaciers, rain and wind completely wore away the tops of those mountains.

The last of several forts built in Oklahoma was established by General Matthew Arbuckle, who was also instrumental in the building of Old Fort Gibson. Most folks of that area are unaware that there were two forts named for General Arbuckle. The last Fort Arbuckle was just north of the Murray County line; the earlier fort was located about thirty miles north. It was abandoned because it had no reliable water supply and was considered unhealthy for the troops stationed there.

Captain Randolph Marcy, Company D, 5th Infantry picked the last fort site about eight miles west of present-day Davis, Oklahoma. His reason for that was probably because Wild Horse Creek passed just to the north of the fort site and there were many fresh-water springs in the Arbuckle Mountains. Those springs are said to be some of the most beautiful in the state of Oklahoma. There was one Scot who must have agreed with that.

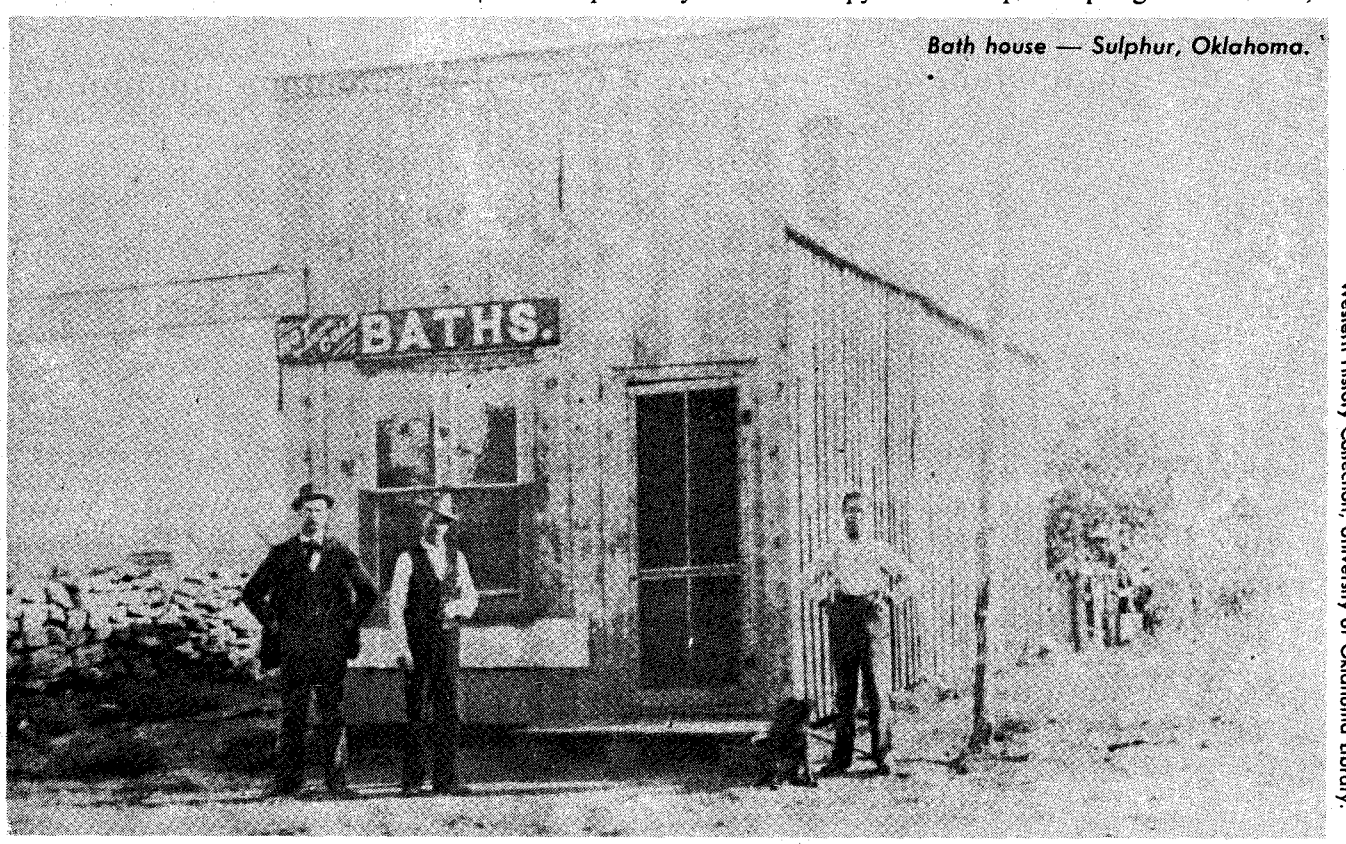
Mazeppa Thomas Turner, of Scotch descent and very well educated, seemed an unlikely man to take a Chickasaw woman for his bride and move to Oklahoma, but that's exactly what he did. About 1878, he bought a log cabin which had been erected ten years before in the Arbuckle Mountains near the bank of Honey Creek. Being a curious man, he wouldn't be satisfied until he had discovered the source of Honey Creek. He went up the creek, digging and poking around for several miles. What he discovered wasn't what he was looking for, but he wasn't disappointed.

He cautiously backed away, then went closer for a better look. That was the most magnificent waterfall he had ever seen. It sparkled with cool, clear water making swirls in the creek below. He dunked his head, then went in altogether and stood under the falls. Folks now refer to that spring-fed waterfall as "Turner Falls." Turner Falls water was never recognized as a healing water; however, just a few miles east, we found some that was.

Sulphur, Oklahoma, or Black Sulphur Springs as it was first known, owes its existence to a shady wooded area with many pine trees and fresh-water springs. The Indians were probably first to occupy the vicinity, because when the first white settlers came, the Indians already knew much about the springs and insisted the odorous water had great healing power. The first white settlers were both cattlemen: Nohah Lael, who established a ranch near present-day Sulphur in 1878; and Perry Fronman, who built his ranch house in what is now "Platt National Park" in 1881.

Whether Lael, Fronman or the Indians leaked out the word about the water's healing power, we do not know. But after folks began to hear of the healing water in Oklahoma, they started coming in by wagon loads from all over Oklahoma and Texas. My grandmother told me once that she and grandpaw took all their kids up there in a wagon. She said the trees were so tall and shady and the streams so cool and clear, she hated to go back home. She also talked about how the squirrels and deer would come up to the wagon and eat right out of their hands.

Around 1885, Pavillion Springs was one of the most popular spas and found itself in the company of a general store. Merchants from all over the southwest began to smell money, so by 1902 a nice little town surrounded Pavillion Springs. However, that same year the Federal Government made a deal with the Chickasaws in the hope of preserving the springs. The agreement provided that the area was to be set aside for the "Sulphur Springs Reservation,"



Bath house — Sulphur, Oklahoma.

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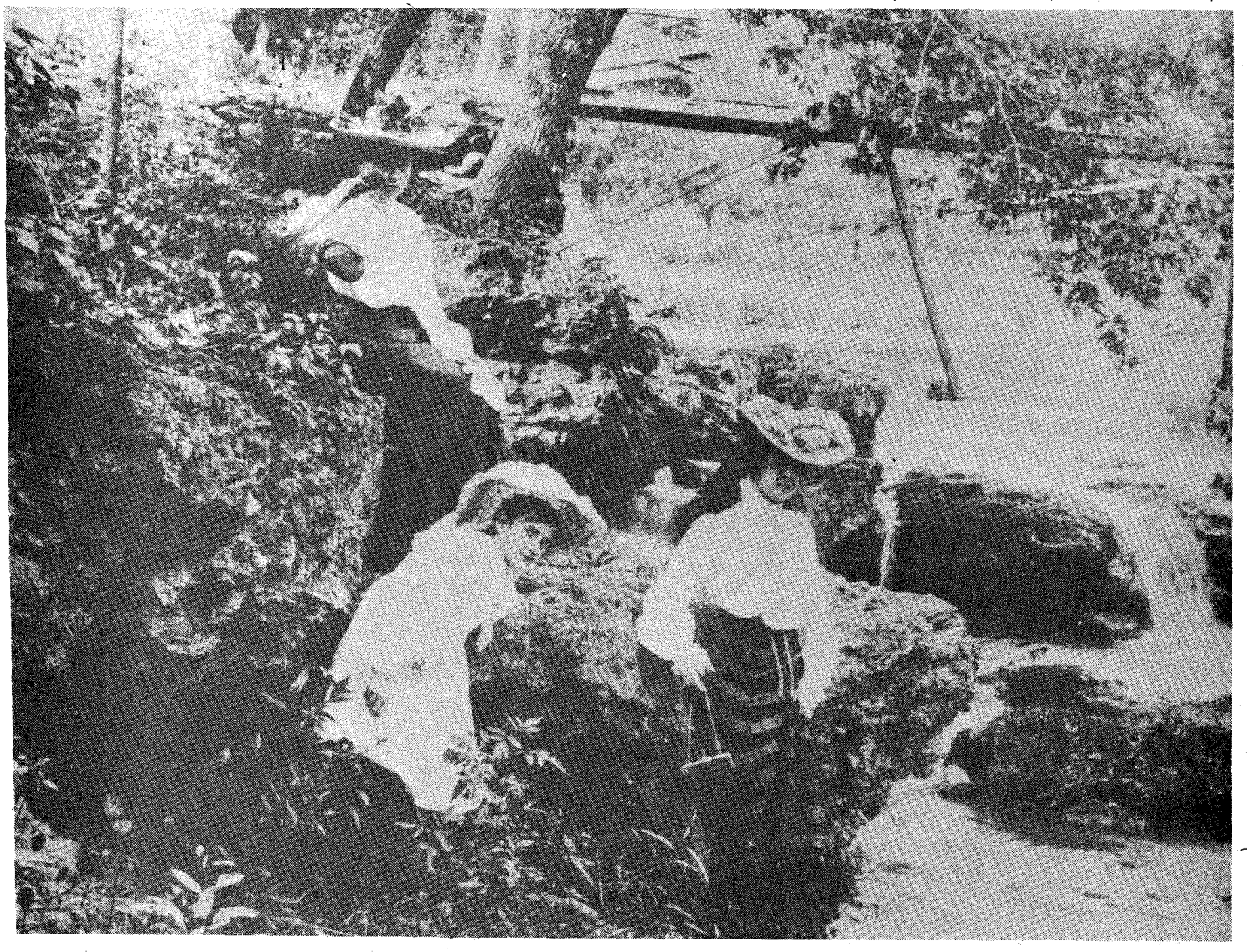

Two women and girl at springs — Sulphur, Oklahoma.

so the town of Sulphur was forced to move to its present location around 1905. The former town site was declared a national park in 1906 and was named for Orville H. Platt, a senator who had been very active in Indian affairs.

The process of moving an entire town is bound to run into problems, and the people of Sulphur did just that. It seems some of the citizens wanted the town located on the west side of "Rock Creek," while others were adamant in their view that the east side of the creek would be a much better location. Since they were all sensible folks, they finally agreed to build the town on both sides of the creek. In the first concrete bridge built over the creek, they buried a hatchet and to show there were no hard feelings and, for good luck, added a horseshoe.

During the days when the town was booming with ailing people seeking a miracle remedy in the form of curing baths, there were hotels and boarding houses to accommodate over a thousand people. Just seventy years later, the old town boasts hotel, motel and boarding house facilities that can handle only two hundred souls.

On our way home we made a detour through Palo Pinto County, Texas and stopped off at the old town, Mineral Wells, once a very popular health spa. I had heard of Mineral Wells all my life and remember listening to a radio show originating from the old "Crazy Water Hotel" back in the 1940s. The show consisted of live entertainment of all kinds and a quiz contest which made it possible for the contestant to win a popular name-brand mattress for supplying the correct answer to any given question. It had never occurred to me to dig into its past, but I figured since I was there, I might as well.

I talked to every old-timer I could find on the street, the clerk at the Crazy Water Hotel and one member of the Mineral Wells Chamber of Commerce. They were all very helpful and supplied me with much information. One old fellow, standing in front of the domino hall with his hat bent down in front (southwest Texas style), told me that long after Palo Pinto County was organized and communities formed, Indians and outlaws used that part of the country for hiding places.

The way we understand it, one Judge J.W. Lynch built the first cabin at Mineral Wells about 1872. He decided that a cabin's not much good without water, so he dug a well. He didn't gripe about the abundance of water in his well, but the taste was pretty bad. Lynch figured even if it was during a drought, that water wasn't fit to drink. I don't know how he discovered its healing powers, but I know 1881 found enough settlers there to lay out a town site and build a school. In 1882 there was a stage line between the Texas Pacific Railroad and Mineral Wells. The railroad station was located at Milsap, Texas, so folks had to ride the stage from

(continued on page 57)

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Aftermath at COFFEYVILLE And SAN FERNANDO

by James H. Mulgannon

One night, in the 1920s, Emmett Dalton, famed outlaw - turned - businessman, met two policemen in San Fernando, California. Thoughts of Kansas came to the minds of the officers as they stayed with Dalton. For one policeman, the tale of Coffeyville was later to assume a grim parallel.

In one of his last books dealing with desperados and one of his favorite subjects, railroads, the late Lucius Beebe reported that Emmett Dalton was killed on October 5, 1892, during an abortive robbery attempt at Coffeyville, Kansas. The plan was to "take" two banks at the same time, The Condon and First National.

It would have been a memorable day for the Dalton Gang, but the calculated end would not be to their liking. In fifteen minutes, four of them would be laid out near John Kloehr's barn for picture-taking. Grattan and Bob Dalton, Bill Powers and Dick Broadwell would not ride hellbent anymore.

If the late editor of Virginia City's *Territorial Enterprise* was correct in his account of the Dalton Affair in 1892, then it was the ghost of Emmett Dalton who walked into the small police shack one autumn twilight in 1927.

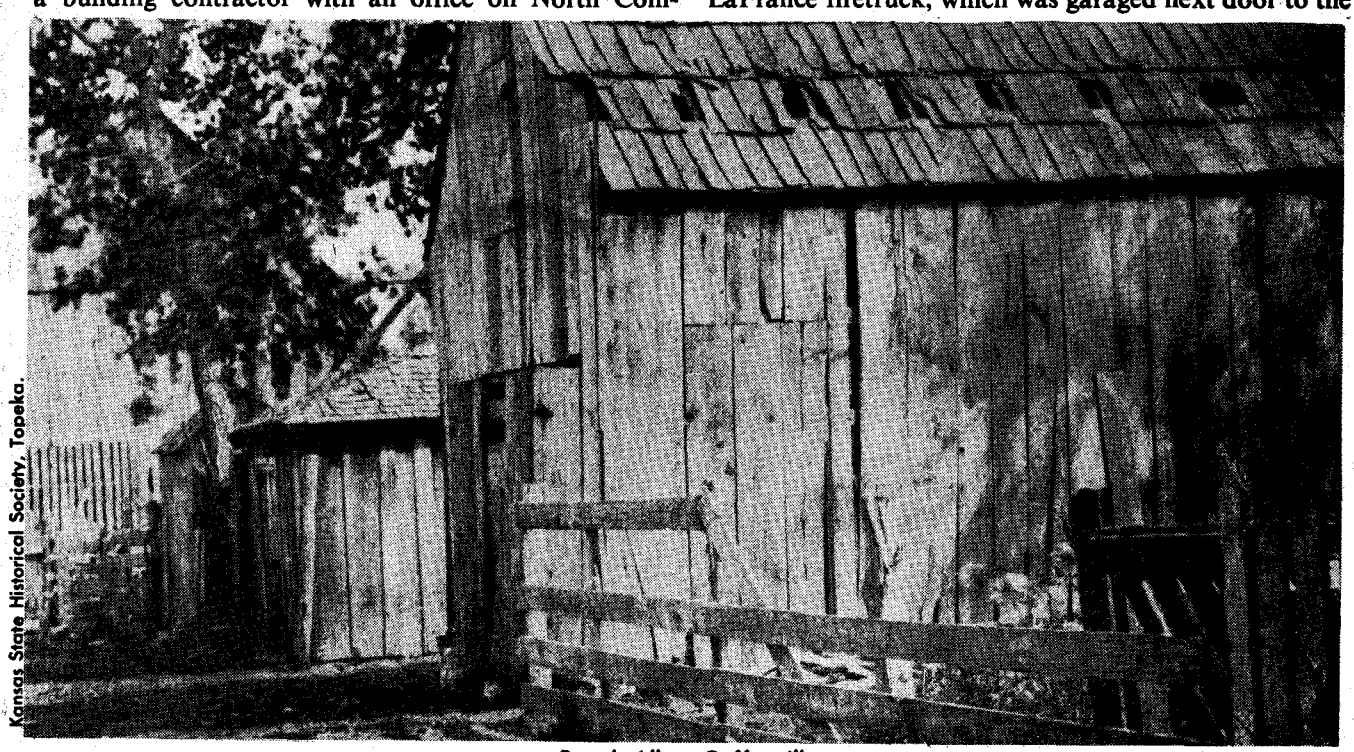
Two legendary figures of the Old West lived not far from each other in Los Angeles during the third decade of this century. Wyatt Earp was 78 and had two more years to live. Emmett Dalton was in his mid-fifties and active as a building contractor with an office on North Commonwealth Avenue in the Southern California metropolis. Generally depicted as a "good guy," whether in fact Wyatt Earp was a heroic lawman or a cold-blooded killer, at this late day it is still debated by Old West buffs.

This narrative deals with Emmett Dalton.

A motorcycle officer, Ben Mushaney, turned off his motor and walked into San Fernando's small police station. He was taking a short break from his patrol duties on San Fernando Road and other arterials in the north valley community.

The Ridge Route to San Francisco began just north of San Fernando, and travelers made little effort to slow down while passing through the little town of 5,000 inhabitants, half of them being of Mexican descent. Cited traffic violators were many.

The police force was comprised of four foot patrolmen, two motorcycle officers, and Chief Emmett Rice, veteran California police officer. About once a month, each officer took a turn as desk sergeant, and in addition to his police duties, a dual role involved driving an American-LaFrance firetruck, which was garaged next door to the



Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.

Death Alley, Coffeyville.

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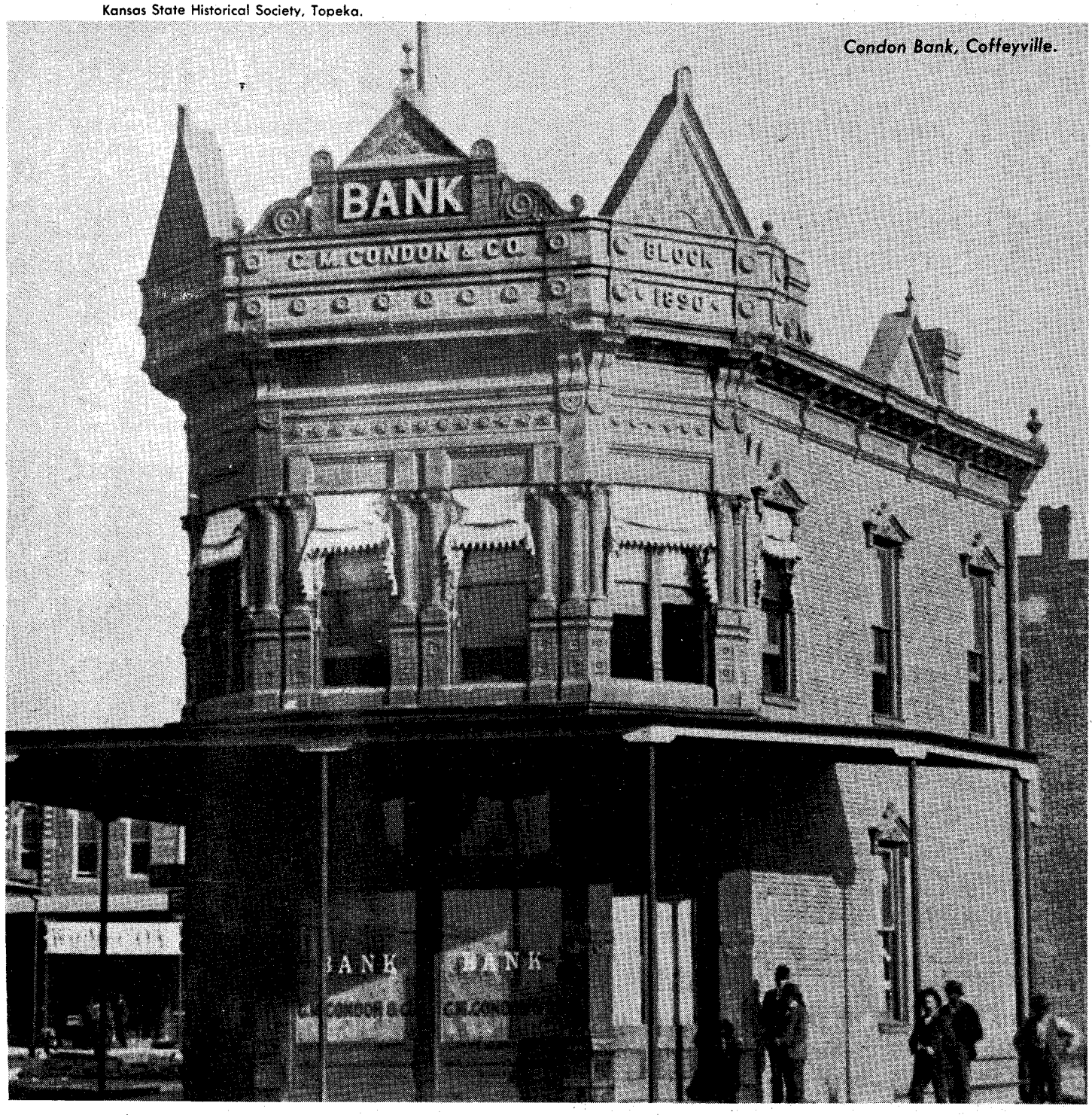
Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.



Condon Bank, Coffeyville.

police building.

Ben and I were discussing Referee Jack Barry's long count on Gene Tunney when he was actually knocked out by Jack Dempsey. Gene arose from the ring floor when about twenty seconds had been counted and danced himself away from the Manassa Mauler; the final round netted him the decision. I bemoaned the loss of $12 handed over to Officer Bill Threadgill, a sum I had placed on Jack Dempsey.

The sound of an automobile was heard approaching. The engine quieted, and very shortly four hulking figures entered the small room.

I immediately recognized the leading person, William S. Hart, the old two-gun slinger of the Western silents. He, Wallace Beery, Norman Kerry and "Hoot" Gibson, all stars of the movies, regularly passed through San Fernando, possibly enroute to ranch properties north of town.

A second familiar face was Walter Scott, better known as "Death Valley Scotty," a roly-poly sourdough. Man of mystery, it was rumored he had many secrets as to gold desposits in the north end of Death Valley. He spent lonely days in his "Castle" near the Nevada State Line and in the shadow of the Grapevine Mountains. In walking, he waddled not unlike an unsteady sailor making his way on deck in a heavy sea. My eyes focused on a watch, a timepiece of infinitesimal size that he wore in his coat lapel. It was about three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

In a breezy manner, Mr Hart said, "Hello, officers! I'm down from Saugus-Newhall. Meet Mr. Dalton, Mr. Scott and Sheriff McCrabb from Coffeyville, Kansas."

The handshaking being dispensed with, he said, "I have a favor to ask of you. We're having an outdoor barbeque at my ranch and need some music. Do you know of any Mexicans with guitars who want to earn a few bucks?"

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Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.

The young Emmett Dalton.

Ben spoke up. "Well, we can go down by the old mission and find out. Can we use your car?"

"Of course", replied the western star who, in earlier life, did Shakespearean drama. "I'll go with you and leave my friends with your partner."

Bill Hart strode out of the station in the company of Ben Mushaney. The engine turned over and a large Locomobile sedan moved away from the curb. I was left with Hart's friends. A trying experience for a young police officer of two months' service.

Dalton spoke first. "As Mr. Hart told you, I am Emmett Dalton. Here's my card. (The card is now in the hands of the Coffeyville Historical Society.) If you're ever in the city, I will be delighted to see you. The sheriff here is from my home town, Coffeyville. And you know Mr. Scott? He lives on the other side of the Sierras."

I gulped hard in such august company. Was I dreaming? Emmet Dalton — the man of legend! "Death Valley Scotty" — why I recently read about his reputation. It was said he killed several men who tried to track him to his gold deposits in the Panamints. Thus were my thoughts as I tried to make conversation, and I failed miserably.

The three men appeared to be of the same age, fifty to fifty-five. They were somberly dressed in melancholy black business suits with each head topped by a black fedora with turned-down snap brim, as if to shade the eyes. The tanned faces, the eyes peering out of half-closed lids and the years of exposure to relentless desert sun showed on their faces.

As I struggled to make conversation, I felt the Dalton eyes targeted in on me. His thoughts, perhaps, were, Can this young fellow stand up against odds? A value was being set on a young policeman by a famous son of Kansas. How will this young fellow behave under gunfire being delivered by reckless marauders?

Scott and the sheriff were not given to conversation, but Dalton was free and easy. I felt comfortable talking to him. I still recall a soft midwestern quality that one attaches to a voice found in the Kansas-Oklahoma sectional.

Within an hour, Ben and Hart returned. Two middle-aged Mexicans, one with a guitar and the other with a mandolin, were seated in the rear of the limousine. A final shake of the hand, and the sedan with six passengers pulled away, crossed the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks and headed for Newhall-Saugus.

The Dalton Saga has been told many times over. What made the Daltons cross the line and ultimately become fugitives from that justice they represented for a considerable period?

My meeting with Emmett Dalton 48 years ago in a small police shack in San Fernando, California, opens another door, revealing another picture of this one-time desperado.

The Dalton parents were God-fearing people. The Cole Youngers were distant cousins. Louis and Adeline raised a brood of fifteen children.

Most were sturdy tillers of the good Kansas land. Five of the Daltons, Bill, Frank, Bob, Grattan and Emmett, were of an adventuresome turn. Walking behind a plow, sitting on a stool and emptying a cow's udder, this life was not for them.

Bill, the story goes, ranched in California. At one time a wanted man, he returned to Kansas, settled down and was dimmed into obscurity by the fierceful quartet of brothers.

Frank, on the side of law and order, was a United States Deputy Marshal, operating out of Fort Smith. He was killed ferreting out illicit whiskey distillers. Grattan took over the risky business of enforcement. If he was to die, why not on the side of the law?

Bob joined Grattan, and young Emmett was employed as a guard. But lacking discipline and control, all three were soon outside of the law.

Bob and Emmett robbed a Santa Fe Railroad train on the Cherokee Strip. They made off with a $14,000 haul. With others, the same pair held up a "Katy" train ("MKT" - Missouri, Kansas & Texas RR), and the "take" was $19,000. Risky but lucrative.

And now, the final touch. Take two banks at the same time!

Bob, Grattan and Emmett were joined by two previously tested desperados, Bill Powers and Dick Broadwell. The latter were veterans at various types of robbery.

In his book, *When The Daltons Rode,* Emmett wrote: "When Bob first broached the idea of knocking off the two Coffeyville banks in a double-play, Dick Broadwell was the only one who was for it. Dick would have been for anything Bob suggested. But Grat then fell in line and I agreed with them. Bill Powers was won over. Bill Doolin was the last to agree to go through with it. Coffeyville was our home town. We'd grown up there and were acquainted with the layout of the streets and the banks and how to make a quick run at them. Making the raid was all we talked about for weeks."

Bill Doolin's horse went lame and he was not in the raid on the banks. He left Kansas after learning of the citizens' surprise play in Coffeyville and the disastrous turn of events.

Al McKenna was standing on the steps of his store located on an alley corner. He thought he recognized Bob Dalton as one of five men crossing the alley. Alert and curious, he saw three of the five enter the Condon Bank. The other two entered the

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

GOLD- CURSE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

Gold has dazzled men from the beginning of time. It has been a means of trade, as adornment, caused wars, and even changed nations. And the gold found in many parts of the New World contributed directly to the downfall of the Indians to the south of the Rio Grande River. Here gold was used extensively for jewelry, dishes, and almost every phase of daily and religious life. Gold was seen, and so the invaders conquered the Indians, taking their gold.

North of the Rio Grande, or in the United States, gold was never used to any great extent by the natives, so it was not as obvious nor easily found. However, this did not stop the search for gold by those who came exploring.

Objects of gold were discovered from mounds in the Ohio Valley, especially the Turner group, in Hamilton county. One, a small copper pendant retaining traces of a thin plating of gold, was suggestive of Mexican Indian work. Some rudely shaped and perforated gold beads were found in one of the Etowah mounds in Georgia. Interesting pieces were also found in the Orange county mounds in Florida. A flat rectangular pendant, notched at the upper end for the attachment of a cord, had been worn in connection with some glass beads. The gold weighed 75½ dwts. Another pendant was convex on one side, flat on the other, and grooved at the upper end for attachment to a cord. It was 2¾ inches in length, about 1 inch wide, and weighed nearly 61½ dwts. A third specimen was a disk of thin sheet gold, 3½ inches in diameter and weighing 19 dwts. with reposse embellishment about the edge and a circular boss at the center. A fourth piece was a plain disk of thin gold with a central perforation; this was 2½ inches in diameter.

An interesting object of gold and silver alloy was found in Manatee county in south Florida. It was cut from a piece of thin gold plate, graphically representing the head of a crested bird, with the neck being prolonged into a thin, knife-like blade. The alloy consisted of 893 parts of gold and 107 of silver.

The Spanish came to Florida from Cuba and Mexico, searching for gold. Ponce De Leon, in 1513, traveled to Florida in search of the Fountain of Youth, but also hoping to find gold. Then Diego Miruelo came in 1516, and Francis Hernandez de Cardova in 1517. These were but a few of the Spanish adventurers hoping to obtain their fortune.

Some of the explorers did find gold among a few of the tribes living along the coast of Florida. The Calusa Indians, living along the Southwest coast of Florida from about Tampa bay to the keys, had gold in great quantity, but most of this came from shipwrecked Spanish vessels.

The Spanish, not content with the gold they plundered from Mexico, crossed the Rio Grande toward the north, hoping to find more riches. They had heard the rumor of Seven Cities of Cibola, where the streets were paved with gold and the natives ate from golden dishes. This rumor was attributed to Fray Marcos, who along with Estevanico, his Barbary Negro servant, had set out toward the Indian tribes across the Rio Grande in 1539. Estevanico went on ahead to scout the territory but was captured by the Cibola, or Zuni as we now call them. Fray Marcos, advancing onward in search of his servant, came to the Indian Pueblos but learned his servant had been killed. Fray Marcos did not go on into the villages, but perhaps from a distance, and in the gleaming desert sun, the Pueblos did appear to be cities of gold. Fray Marcos returned to Mexico, and soon rumors were floating about, telling of the Seven Cities of Cibola, golden cities to the north.

In 1540 Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, with his men, was sent to find and conquer these golden cities — The Seven Cities of Cibola. After a long and wearisome trip, Coronado and his troops reached the legendary cities, but found the Pueblos to be made only of clay, not of gold. The natives were poor and had never possessed what Coronado was seeking. The Zuni called the Seven Cities of Cibola, "Shiwona." The Spanish destroyed some of the pueblos, much of the land, killed many of the people, and scattered others of the Indian tribes.

Coronado learned of another treasure from an Indian captive at the Pecos Pueblo of Cicuye, New Mexico. *El Turco*, or Turk, so named because of his headdress, was a native of Harahey or Pawnee country. Perhaps he wished to return to his own land, or maybe it was his anger at the atrocities suffered by the Pueblo Indians at the hands of the Spanish, which prompted his tale. *El Turco* told Coronado of a city called Quivira, which contained even more treasures than the Seven Cities of Cibola were to have had. In Quivira even the trees had little golden bells hanging from their branches. Dishes and drinking cups were made of gold and of silver.

In the spring of 1851, Coronado, with *El Turco* and a Quivira Indian named Ysopete, set out from Tiguex, on the Rio Grande, across the plains of Eastern New Mexico and West Texas, accompanied by his army. The journey was long and dangerous. Food became scarce, and while hunting for food the men ran into hostile tribes, and some were killed. Others became ill, slowing their travel. Convinced that *El Turco* had tricked him and was leading him into danger and away from the treasure, Coronado put him in irons, sending him back along with

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Pioneering with the NEEDHAM FAMILIES

by Dorothy Whitley

An authentic account of the pioneering Needham family, told by a direct descendant of her forbears who farmed and ranched from Texas to Iowa and points between. Life was often harsh and the elements took their toll, but the author relates that there were good times as well.

From Author's photo collection.

Julia Rose and Hugh Needham, and family.

Hugh and Julia, sitting; others: their children, in-laws and grandchildren.

The early pioneer's life was a pleasant one, varied with plenty of hardships and anxiety. During the winter months, most farm families' fare was simple, but it was good enough. Many farms were provided with nothing more than salt pork, milk, butter, eggs, the 'makings' for bread, and sometimes canned goods. They most always kept two or three cows, choosing such as were naturally tame, so invariably there was plenty of milk and, for awhile after churning, a great deal of butter. They kept hens, which, in spite of the damaging influx of hawks, bobcats and foxes, supplied them with eggs, and in time of need when rifles failed to keep them in game, sometimes there was a roast or fried chicken, also.

During the summer months, from the garden they gathered potatoes and other vegetables, unless drought, frost, or grasshoppers interfered — which they did, about every second year. For fresh meat they depended chiefly upon their prowess as hunters.

Much of the time our earliest pioneers spent traveling o'er the rugged, untamed wilderness in various areas, living inside their "wheeled house," the great covered wagon. But when they settled once again, the farm routine of life was always much the same. Save during the excessively bitter weather of midwinter, there was little to do except to hunt.

While traveling, following along with a wagontrain, the women were always glad to stop for a rest. They were tired of riding inside the jolting wagon over the rough and rugged wagon trails. They would throw a patchwork quilt and spread on a nice smooth stretch of grass beside the wagon, afterward to learn that the nice grass was actually a sandburr patch.

My father, Hugh Simpson Needham, was born to Elias Wells Needham and Mary Suzan (Jackson) Needham on Nov. 7, 1872 in Johnson County, Texas. Elias Wells was born in March, 1835, to William and Polly (Granaway) Needham. William Needham came from Great Britain to Illinois, and later to Winnepeg, Canada, where Polly died; Elias Wells was only seven years of age when his mother passed away. There were two other children, an older daughter and Will, a baby son. William carried Will to his brother's, who lived in Iowa; William's brother was Dan Needham.

Four years later, William Needham passed away. Elias Wells, now eleven, lived with his married sister for a short while, until she passed away also. The sister didn't have

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From Author's photo collection.

Robert Pitts (Bood) Brooking.

From Author's photo collection.

Hugh and Julia's oldest son, Wells Needham, drove horsedrawn sled across knee-deep mud to carry shoppers back and forth across the main street of Ranger during the Oil Boom. Wells' age: about 20 years old.

any children. At this time Elias Wells 'hitch-hiked' to his Uncle Dan's home in Iowa. We can only imagine his many hardships as he moved across the country alone, stopping along the way from farm to farm. When he arrived near a farmhouse where children were playing, he would tarry and play also, eventually to follow them inside the farmhouse when possible and even spend the night inside the home. Elias Wells carried a small amount of money and a .22 single-shot rifle. When he came to the Mississippi River, he stowed away on a river boat, bringing along some cheese and crackers he carried for food. He was located, however, only a short distance downstream. The captain was considerate and let the child remain, working for the captain in order to pay for his expenses. In fact, when the boat reached Iowa, the captain suggested that Elias Wells stay on the boat, informing him that he was more than welcome to do so. But he was lonesome for his relatives, so when the boat neared the home of his Uncle Dan, the captain gave Elias Wells a small amount of money for his labor, and with a pocket filled with moulded cheese and crackers, he arrived safely at Uncle Dan's.

Explaining to his Uncle Dan that he carried the .22 rifle for protection, his Uncle harassed him with these words: "I'll bet you couldn't even hit the side of the barn." Elias Wells raised his rifle in order to prove this matter; but, sure enough, he missed the barn! - From this incident, Elias Wells learned a lesson: If he was to carry the rifle for protection, it was best to learn how to use it also.

It seems as though Uncle Dan was harsh and also strict with the boy, as his visit was short. Elias Wells was only about 11 or 12, but his success and experiences on the river boat had given him confidence in himself, and he felt that he could make his own way, without Uncle Dan's assistance.

Elias Wells left, never to return or even hear from his Uncle Dan again. The miserably discontented child just wandered about the country, without a place to call home. He traveled over 23 states, traveling with one wagontrain after another. When he was 21 years of age, Elias Wells joined a wagontrain that was headed for Texas. On that train he met Suzan Jackson, whom he later married.

Mary Suzan Jackson was born April 6, 1842; she was the daughter of Moses R. Jackson, who was the relative of Andrew Jackson, President of our United States. Mary's mother was Frances Simpson.

When Mary was 14 years of age, she married an older man, much older than herself. This man by the name of White, it is said, threatened to discontinue a lease from Mary's father, if White wasn't permitted to marry his daughter. White had a daughter the age of twelve, and a son ten years old. As Mary was still only a child, she found it very difficult to manage the responsibilities of a housewife and the mother of two children. To add to her already unsatisfactory homelife, Mary Suzan's stepchildren, being only slightly younger than herself, refused to obey Mary's commands. In Mary's opinion, this made life almost unbearable inside White's household.

Mose Jackson decided to leave Nebraska and head for Texas. Mary insisted that she be permitted to join the family in their journey. But Mose Jackson refused her admittance to the wagontrain. He advised Mary to stay with her husband.

Mary's Aunt Nancy, who was also to follow along in the wagontrain, took pity on the poor child's misfortunes, and the two together worked out a plan. Aunt Nancy was to drive their covered wagon along by the White home, and supposedly — without Aunt Nancy's knowledge — Mary was to slip her way inside the wagon. The plan worked successfully, as all the while Aunt Nancy was peering across the countryside, not wanting to witness Mary's hurried leap to the wagon's perfect hideaway.

Mary expected her husband to follow her and settle in Texas, also. She even mailed a message to her husband, advising him of her location in Texas. But mail traveled slow in those days, and Mary didn't receive an answer for three months, and this was from her husband's sister, explaining to Mary S. that her husband had passed away. Mary S. didn't hear from the White family again.

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Among the group that was traveling on the wagontrain which carried Mary Suzan from Nebraska to Johnson County, Texas (then the train moved on to White Chapel, Coleman County) was a first cousin to Mary S. This woman's name was Julia Hamilton. Julia Hamilton's mother was a sister to Moses Jackson. Julia was the mother of 6 children; two sons were Arch and Free Hamilton. She also had several daughters, one of which married Cam Shields, and another married Muller Hill. Also on this train was a first cousin of Mary's, who was one of the wild and wicked characters that was so common in those days. His name is not among my ancestry notes, but when the wagontrain crossed a river, an Indian woman, with her small daughter, was on the bank of the river, washing clothes. The young gunslinger raised his rifle and fired away, killing both Indians. The wagontrain rolled on down the rough and rugged wagon trail, though it hadn't traveled far until a band of Indian braves overtook the wagontrain, inquiring in an angry and demanding manner concerning the coldblooded murder. The members of the train complied with the desired information. At this time, the Indians yanked the young Indian - killer from their midst, and lifting him with his head hanging down, they tied his feet to a tree-branch.

The Indians forced those of the wagontrain to watch the horrible incident that followed. The Indians prepared their knives, removed his clothes, and skinned the poor man alive! Grandmother Mary S. Needham explained that she could still hear the screams of his voice fifty years later. Then the Indians turned the remains over to the pioneers of the wagontrain. They cut down the corpse and buried the bloody evidence of that day of terror; it would never be forgotten by those who had witnessed it.

Elias Wells Needham was also on this wagontrain, and it was at this time that he met Mary Suzan Jackson. Elias Wells was 21 years of age. Four years later, when Elias Wells was 25 years old and Mary Suzan was 18, they were married in Johnson County, Texas. Fifteen children were born to this union, 13 of whom lived to adulthood. Two of the daughters, however, passed away while still young ladies — now all 15 children have passed away. Eighty-five grandchildren were born to the 11 remaining children of Elias Wells and Mary Suzan Needham.

Moses Jackson and Elias Wells Needham were preachers of the hardshell Baptist faith. Elias Wells and Mary S. lived inside Johnson County until after the birth of Hugh, though during Hugh's childhood the family sold their belongings and moved to the White Chapel community, Coleman County, Texas.

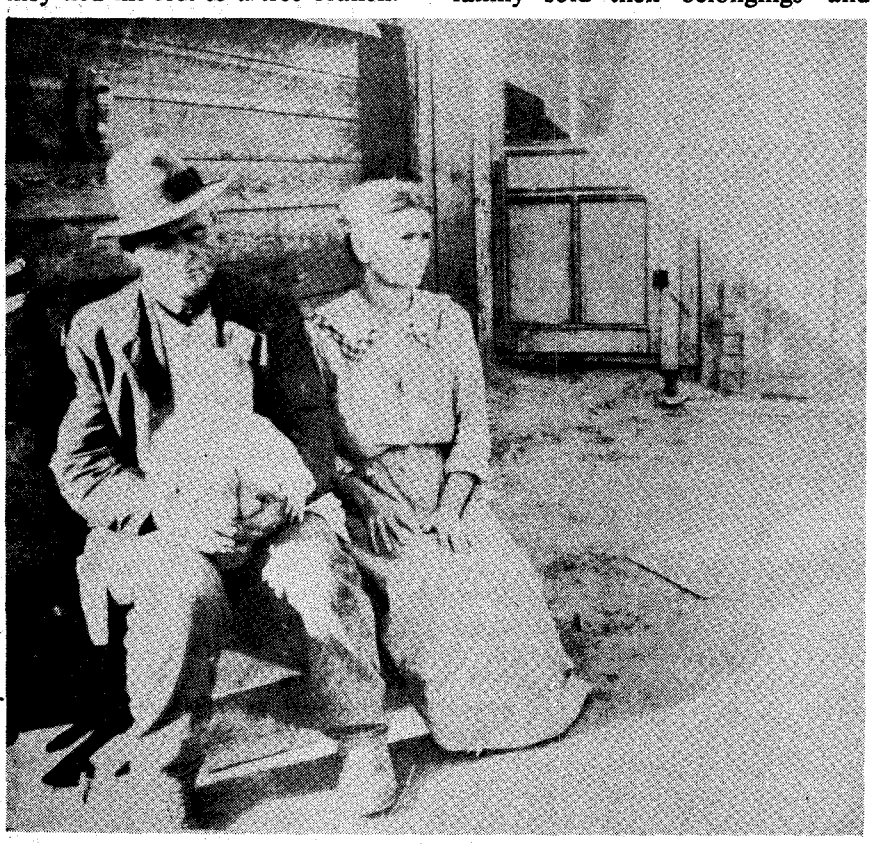
With so many children in this family their hardships were many, and the parents were taught by experience that it was necessary to work out a rouse on those days of bad weather, when it was impossible for the children to remain outside. When visitors were present, the noise from so many mischievous, giggling, feuding youngsters made the environment impossible for the adults to participate in normal conversation. Therefore, the parents situated the children seated upon the floor far back against the wall, out of the adults' way, and forced them to obtain complete silence.

Hugh's explanation of the unfortunate situation was: "When cump'ney come, Ma made us kids set on the floor back against the wall, and told us to keep our mouth shut. Ma said that kids were to be seen and not heard."

Hugh (I am using actual names, as it seems as though the story will be more understandable for readers), Ella (Hugh's sister), and George (his brother) got lost in the wilderness on one very hot, summer's day during their childhood. When the group first became aware of the fact that they had lost their direction, they grew frightened, irritated and bewildered. Darting to - and - fro in a berserk manner underneath the broiling Texas sun, Hugh became overheated and a stroke followed. Thereafter, he only perspired (from a center pinpointed line of his body) on the right side. On the hot days of the summer months, perspiration flowed freely from Hugh's right shoulder, hip, leg and even his foot, while his left side remained totally and uncomfortably dry. Hugh explained that it was possible the affliction was a birth defect, though he wasn't aware of this fact until after that dreadful day when the children lost their way in the woodlands.

Having such a large family, Mary Suzan was well supplied with chores. She washed clothes on the washboard, ironed with the old-style heavy, soot contaminating flatirons heated on a wood-burning stove, and scrubbed floors on her hands and knees.

Because of the time and place, the only available doctor was a great distance from the Needham family. And to those who lived in the country, distance was one factor — the roads and trails were another. Their conditions were controlled for the most part by the weather. When the weather was



From Author's photo collection.

Hugh and Julia Needham and daughter, "Doodie." Late 1919.

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dry, travel was in a smother of dust. When it rained, wagons sank deep into the soil and slowed the horses down to a crawl. When the weather was cold and the whirling wind cut the flesh like a sharp knife, only the foolish ventured far from home. Under favorable conditions, a person on a good horse might average ten miles per hour, but with a wagon and team he was lucky if five miles were accomplished. The roads in those days were a succession of rocks and holes, and a ride over them was wearisome to the well and healthy, though pure agony to the afflicted.

Pioneers depended little upon doctors and much on themselves, as you learned what to do and did it in those days, or you died. Mary was one of those who learned what to do. She made use of native plants for teas and poultices, epsom salts for infections and as a laxative, quinine not only for fever, but for almost all other ailments. Hugh blamed his hearing disability on the great quantity of quinine that he was given during his childhood. "Ma poked quinine down us for just about everything," Hugh explained.

I have a newspaper clipping of this period, a study of Fort Worth, Texas' first City directory, issued in 1882. Cow ponies were tied to the hitching posts of the thirty-one saloons of the City. The police force, consisting of one marshal and two deputies, was involved carrying a drunken man to the jail inside the City Hall. The gas lights flickered on the small street car as the mule slowly pulled it up Main Street. A small stir was the occasion when the stage pulled up at the stage station on lower Main Street, as the passengers alighted stiff from the thirty-mile ride from Cleburne, Texas.

Also, an old ordinance book was mentioned that extended from 1873 to 1884. A number of ordinances, strange to the present-day readers, are seen. For instance, persons could be fined for driving horses, mules, donkeys or cattle through the public streets or alleyways at a reckless speed. Another ordinance provided a fine for a person who neglected to securely tie his horse, mule, donkey or animal when he left it to the hitching posts or rings provided for this purpose. Ordinances regarding the conduct of gambling houses in an orderly manner are also contained in the book. The five Mayors from 1873 to 1884, as named in the ordinance book, were: W.P. Burts, G.H. Day, John S. Loving, John T. Brown, and J.P. Smith.

From Author's photo collection.

Mary Suzan Needham

During his young manhood, Hugh S. Needham left Coleman County and traveled alone to White Oaks, New Mexico. Will and Nute, his older brothers, were there engaged in the business of operating the "Little Casino" Saloon. Hugh also gave his assistance in this business.

In White Oaks Hugh met Julia Rose Brooking (daughter of Robert P. Brooking, "Bood Brooking," and Margaret Rose Brooking) while attending a dance, when Julia permitted him to sign her future dancing partner list. In those days girls carried what Julia called a "pad," and if it was agreeable with the young lass, when a dance was suggested by a pioneer cowpoke, she handed over her pad for the roving gent to add his name to the list. Julia was dumbfounded when she witnessed Hugh's crudely placed "X."

Hugh and Julia were married in White Oaks, and it was at this time that Hugh made a decision: it would be best for him to learn how to read and write. So he purchased books; he mentioned several History books, a green back Speller, and others for his future education. After his day's work was done, by the light of a flickering kerosene lamp, Hugh studied and memorized.

About one year after Hugh and Julia had married, Hugh grew lonely for his home town of Coleman, the town where he was raised, and for his family, who were living at home. Therefore Hugh and Julia packed their belongings and moved to Coleman County. There had also developed disagreements between Hugh and Julia's family.

One of the first modern communication systems built in West Texas was a telegraph line strung between old Camp Colorado, near present-day Coleman, Texas, and the military headquarters at San Antonio. Camp Colorado was first located on Mukewater Creek, about six miles north of the Colorado River, but because of a sickness that plagued the soldiers of the Second Cavalry stationed there, it was moved

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to the present site of Coleman City Park, on Jim Ned Creek. Today it is a part of the park, with a replica of one of the old stone buildings from the fort standing as a reminder of early-day forts in Texas. The replica was built in 1936 by the Texas Centennial Commission and is a valuable asset to the park.

Old Camp Colorado was commanded by such distinguished men as Lawrence Sullivan (Sul) Ross, famous Indian fighter and leader of the troop that recaptured Cynthia Ann Parker in 1860 (he later became Governor of Texas); John Bell Hood, leader of Hood's Texas Brigade in the Civil War, and for whom Fort Hood was named; Edmund Kirby Smith, and Fitzhugh Lee. The old fort was very active during the Indian Wars of the 1850s and '60s. It was about 1858 when the communication system was developed, making it easier to get help when the fort was attacked. The Republic of Texas had the opportunity to own the Morse System of telegraphy; in fact, Morse offered to give it to Texas in 1838. He received no reply to his offer, though, and withdrew it in 1860.

In 1882 a fence - cutting war developed in Coleman County, when large ranchers tried to protect their grasslands from other ranchers in the area who used barbed wire around their lands. Coleman City, as it was called then, was only six years old when the range war began. The Cemetery, started earlier when a cowboy shot another in front of one of the stores, came in handy during the fence - cutting war. In 1876, when the townsite was opened up to settlers, lots sold for fifteen dollars for a residential lot and forty dollars for a business lot. Although Coleman was a county seat, there was no permanent county government until 1876. In 1886 the Santa Fe Railroad laid lines through Coleman, and the town began to grow. Today it has a population of some 6,000 residents and is something of a recreational town. Three lakes surround the town: Lake Coleman, Lake Scarborough, and Hord's Creek Reservoir. Life in Coleman is not dull, but it is nothing to compare with the adventurous life when Camp Colorado was nearby.

Many years and eight children later, Hugh and Julia settled near Ranger, Eastland County, Texas. Two more children were born to this union in Eastland County. They traveled by covered wagon, with a desire to participate in the dealings of the great Oil Boom that was in operation at this time. And it was quite a blast! I happened onto an old newspaper clipping a few days ago from a Fort Worth newspaper, published Dec. 7, 1920. It reads:

"Fully armed, Emergency Company No. 1, of State Rangers passed through Fort Worth Tuesday enroute to Ranger. Capt. C.J. Blackwell was in command.

"The company, which has been on duty in Galveston, was traveling under sealed orders. However, it is an open secret that they are bound for the oil fields. The orders which caused the Rangers to leave Galveston for Ranger said that, 'full equipment should be carried.' This means that the company is going prepared for trouble, and a long stay. Blackwell is a veteran Ranger.

"With the company was Ranger Charles H. Bailey, formerly of Fort Worth. Bailey, who has been an officer of the law for the past fifteen years in Fort Worth, joined the Rangers when they were sent to Galveston. Blackwell and Bailey visited at the City Hall, where Bailey obtained a letter of introduction from Police Commissioner Montgomery to George Cooper, Chief of Police at Ranger. Montgomery and Bailey formerly worked together. The company left Fort Worth Tuesday afternoon."

Bood Brooking was in Ranger for two months during the Oil Boom, when he visited his daughter, Julia. I gather from Hugh's conversations that he failed to look upon his father - in - law with respect. Hugh traveled alone in the old buggy to meet Bood Brooking at the depot, and in Hugh's own words, Bood "cussed all the way home." Bood must have used God's name in vain to extremities as Hugh explained: "You know, Bood Brooking couldn't tell you the time of day without a bunch of cuss words along with it."

When the retired outlaw and the Biblical teacher arrived upon the Needham's large farm, Bood descended from his cramped position of the buggy, strutted away the stiffness of his legs, and investigated the terrain closely. "Have you ever thought about building a still out here, Hugh?" he inquired. Hugh stared at Bood Brooking with amazement. Hugh was a very religious man, and to "build a still" was out of the question. Furthermore, Hugh was one of those prohibitionists who was 100% for the Volstead act.

A wave of hysteria, with a religious overtone, swept over the United States in the early 1900s and culminated in the passage of the infamous Volstead Act, which in 1920 became the 18th Amendment to the Constitution. Representative Andrew J. Volstead of Minnesota tried to wipe out a serious threat to the well being of the United States as a whole, by appealing to personal prejudices in an atmosphere of hysteria. Everyone who lived through, or has read about the prohibition era, 1920-1933, knows that it was a colossal failure. They also know that alcoholic beverages have been produced and consumed by mankind throughout the ages, and will no doubt continue to be produced and consumed by mankind as long as the world stands. In short, Volstead tried to erase an admitted evil by passing an unenforceable law.

There was, of course, little criteria for conversation between an outlaw and a preacher; but there were many pioneer days to discuss and recuss. Hugh was born in 1872, and he remembered well when barbed wire was first used in 1879. By 1883 it had spread throughout the state. While this new way of life enraged Bood Brooking (a free-range man) at first, he soon saw the advantage of it. Bood began using it to upgrade his cattle and improve his ranch. In the beginning, barbed wire, in Bood Brooking's way of reasoning, can best be expressed by those well-known words of Bigfoot Wallace: "Bob wire is playin' hell with Texas!" Barbed wire permitted the ranchers to plant foodstuffs to help fatten their cattle, and soon the rangy old Longhorn was disappearing from the range.

The windmill was introduced at about this time, and the search for underground water was increased. Hugh remembered well when the windmills first began to dot the countryside. Farms were started, and the farmers and Bood Brooking began to learn to live with one another.

So Bood and Hugh avoided those subjects of the Bible and outlawry; they would have passed away the two-month visit rather easily had not Bood kept reminding Hugh that he had a Gold Mine in his hands, in the manner of having plenty of room and a suitably densely wooded area that would be a perfect location to "build a still." Bood kept on throughout the termination of his visit, suggesting a still to be constructed on the premises, until when it was mentioned to Hugh "it began to hit a sore spot."

Julia was very glad to have her father with her, after so many years.

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"He just took over the care of Doodie (Doodie was the baby at the time) so that I could do the housework," Julia explained. "He carried Doodie everywhere he went about the place." But, I'm afraid that Hugh didn't feel about Bood's visit in this same manner. When the visit was over and Bood, with his suitcase, left the old farmhouse and climbed into the buggy, he glanced over to the wooded section and suggested: "Hugh, I think you ought to build a still!" At this time, Hugh probably wished that he had evolved from a long line of profanity users instead of preachers.

I remember Hugh and Julia best, during the middle 1920s and the ten years that followed. Conversation played a large part in the lives of a farmer and his family, simply because when the chores were finished, there was little else to do.

Hugh was the 'big talker' when visitors were present at the Needham's farm. Though if not, Julia kept the conversation going; for under the circumstances, Hugh had little to say. Most of Julia's stories came from the ranch during her childhood. Her stories began one of two ways: "I remember back when the cowboys..." or "I remember when Dad ... did so-and-so."

These stories were very interesting to the children. The pioneer cowboys, and especially Bood Brooking, lived in a world of excitement; each moment was a confrontation with something. And during our protected childhood, we could sleep through our lives in peace. Everything happened from day to day in the same way, and there was hardly any change. Even when something unusual happened, it was brought about by a hawk catching a chicken, or a cow getting into the corncrib.

But during the time of the cowboy, each moment could be your last. A man had to stay awake and alert in order to stay alive.

Hugh listened with interest, unless Julia mentioned the pioneer ladies who are noted for a long list of accomplishments; then he sounded off swiftly with a rebuttal — secondly, he decided to retire.

Some of the pioneer women, as the stories go, were remarkable. She washed clothes for a large family with a washboard, she ironed with the old-style heavy smooth-iron, knitted, weaved, quilted, cooked, baked, made soap, churned, made clothes for a large family, mopped, cleaned, washed dishes, bandaged cuts and bruises, spent the nighttime hours caring for the sick, mended broken hearts, changed diapers and wiped noses. And this same mother, of a brood of youngsters in staircase fashion, even grew the crops when hubby was away. Often she pulled the plow herself, cared for the stock, killed wild game to feed the youngsters, trekked to the woodpile regularly; this along with all the rest of the household chores and farm labor. And when the need arose, even in battle, the pioneer lass approached the enemy with 'bravado': she moulded bullets, loaded rifles, cared for the wounded, and shot the invaders.

Hugh explained that these stories were "a lot of bosh," that about the only time that a lady was given the chance to participate in battle was when a tribe of Indians invaded the home or a wagontrain, and even then, he declared that the panic - stricken female more often "hid under the bed" or some other "out - of - sight" locale. And if there were not men present to protect her, the raging red men descended with another flock of locks to add to their collection, along with all of the rest of her plunder.

The mild - mannered, quiet - spoken Julia seemed to be unsuited as a wife for plain - spoken, loud - mouthed Hugh. To his children, this broad - shouldered and blue-eyed man with the commonly disheveled hair was simply "Papa" or "Pop." But to most children, his designation was a confusing matter. Hugh often roughly yanked them from their position on the floor, propped them atop his knees, and bounced the bewildered child "horsey - fashion," while singing loudly his own origination of a tune that I will call "Love The Little Feller," as these words sang over and over completed the information that the song brought to the listeners. The song went like this: "Oh, I love the little feller — oh, I love the little feller — oh, I love the feller — Oh? -Oh, I love the little feller — Oh, I love the little feller — oh, I love the feller — oh ... oh." - On the last "oh," Hugh would throw his knees apart suddenly, and the child (if it was a boy) crash - landed upon the floor. If the unfortunate victim was a girl, the maneuverings remained the same, except for the ending when the dropping excursion was withheld. In fact, Hugh's behavior was so startling to the younger set that his own grandson, Ted Stiffler, in the imaginative way of a child, invented his own name. And Hugh was as much a bewilderment as the name by which Ted gave him: "Grand -daddy Boo."

Each girl of the family discovered for herself, when entertaining a boyfriend, to be suddenly interrupted with a confrontation by Hugh. He retired early, and his sleep-wear consisted of his underclothes and the shirt that he had worn during the day. Summers, Hugh wore shorts that were much too long, which dangled about his knees. Winters, he wore longjohns, with pantlegs much too short, and he failed to remove his socks upon retiring. This was to keep his feet warm, he said.

If Hugh awoke with the discovery of a light flickering from the living room, he arose to investigate. He would stand in the shadows just outside the doorway leading to the living room, holding his hand above his eyes, protecting them from the unaccustomed lamplight. Shirttail flagging, baggy underwear, disarranged socks and with uncombed hair — he peered boldly into the direction of the suitor. And being of a critical nature, he commented briefly and unfavorably on two things: the lateness of the hour, and time for visitors to depart. This was accomplished with four small words: "Time to go home!" Once again he disappeared into the darkness, while the embarrassed daughter tried unsuccessfully to explain Hugh's strange actions to the gentleman.

Robert Pitts (Bood) Brooking, created his own 'Brooking' name, as the original name was 'Brookin.' He was born March 6th, 1854, in Goliad, Texas to Bivian Byron and Johanna (Miller) Brookin. Robert Pitts Brooking was half Indian; Johanna's father was an Indian Chief. Robert passed away in Jan. 1933 in Safford, Arizona.

With the exception to Hugh and Julia's children, everyone in this story has now passed away. They will live on, however, in material such as this, in stories as they are passed on from one generation to another.

Hugh was 89 years of age when he departed from this life. Julia was 84. They were buried inside the Evergreen Cemetery near Ranger, Eastland County, Texas.

We miss them. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES: Dorothy Whitley - 612 S.E. 7th St. - Mineral Wells, Texas 76067
Barbara Long - Box 452 - Eunice, New Mexico 88231
Opal Stiffler - 824 Baird Circle - Aztec, New Mexico 87410
Mrs. Gene B. Hill - Rt. 3, Box 118 - Ranger, Texas 76470

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LOST GOLD OF SAN GABRIEL CANYON

by Peter J. Kaltenbach

Contrary to popular opinion, the first big discovery of gold in California was not at Sutter's Mill in 1848. It was actually discovered in Placerita Canyon north of Los Angeles 6 years earlier, in 1842. It was not just a small pan of colors, but sizeable amounts of both gold dust and nuggets. The only difference was the fact that the first discoverers kept quiet about it.

The Indians of the San Gabriel Mountains had discovered and mined gold in some quantity for at least a hundred years before the first real gold rush started in the San Gabriel River canyon in 1855. The priests of Mission San Gabriel mentioned in their writings that whenever the Indians came down out of the mountians, they carried gold trinkets.

The evidence of their mining was found all over the canyon. Brush concealed entrances to many placer mines. Indians, when finding a pocket of gold, would tunnel into the hillside, following the vein. The shafts were only wide enough to admit one worker at a time. Using a leather pouch line, he would send out any gold he might find to a companion waiting outside. Before the great flood of 1938, there was a large boulder which could be seen that had many holes worn in it. Apparently the Indians used it to crush or reduce their gold. After the disastrous flood, no trace could be found of the rock.

The first great influx of miners occurred in 1855, when gold in exploitable amounts was discovered in the East Fork of the San Gabriel River. The gold was in placer deposits which tended to concentrate in pockets. The river followed the stream bed of an earlier river which had deposited the gold.

It has been estimated that $8,000,000 of the precious metal was recovered between 1855 and 1870.

Azusa Historical Society

The East Fork of the San Gabriel River. This picture taken in the 1860s shows the river before it had been completely exploited by mining.

Miners began building rock huts and crude tent hovels along the river banks as the gold continued to pan out. Several hundred people were working the river during the Fall of 1856 and the Winter and Spring of 1857 when, because of heavy rains, the river rose out of its banks and washed most of the dwellings away.

Not to be thwarted, the miners built their houses again. But, this time, they also decided to build a town which they named Eldoradoville. The town site was located at the entrance to a place called Cattle Canyon, with the buildings stretched out along the river banks. The present - day location is the junction of the Glendora Mountain Road and the East Fork Road.

The town, at its height, was home to 1600 people. But it was a rough place. Called the Downieville of the South, it

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was not the greatest place to raise a family.

Eldoradoville had three dry-goods stores, six saloons with dancehalls, and a number of miners' shacks. In the election of 1860, 450 votes were cast for candidate Lincoln.

As with all mining towns, the residents were very loose with their gold. A miner with a good claim figured that his supply of gold was inexhaustible. So careless was he, in fact, that the sweeper in the Union Saloon, John Roberts, recovered at least an ounce of gold dust a day from the floor sweepings. Roberts would pan the sawdust he swept up and make out as well as many miners.

The town flourished until the flood of 1862, when again Mother Nature decided to redecorate the canyon. The town was a total loss. It was never rebuilt.

The miners were a hardy lot, even in the face of adversity. They built their shacks once again and continued to work the river.

While the town was flourishing, and for some time after the flood, one local resident was an old Indian named Luciana. No one knew where he came from, but it was probably from one of the local tribes. His age was most uncertain, since the Indians didn't keep track of years.

The canyon residents knew the old Indian was not strong enough to work the river claims. He usually spent most of his days eating or sleeping. But the strange part was, he always had enough gold dust with which to buy supplies.

Several times a year, when his gold would apparently run low, the old Indian would disappear, usually late at night, and be gone for several days. When he returned, his leather poke would be full of gold again.

Many times over the years, miners and cutthroats would try and follow Luciana to his secret gold mine. But the wily old Indian would backtrack, cover his trail, and leave his pursuers far behind. It is rumored that one man managed to follow him upstream as far as Iron Mountain, several miles from Eldoradoville.

Over the years, Luciana made many trips upstream. Iron Mountain, like most of the San Gabriels, is surrounded by a series of canyons. Along these canyon walls lie the streambeds of older rivers. The river today cuts down through older stream material from earlier geologic time when another range of mountains stood where the San Gabriels are today.

Wind, weather, and water wore the mountains down over millions of years. Its streams carried the material toward the uninhabited plains. When the San Gabriel mountains were thrust up, much of their material contained the remains of the previous mountains.

The gold, which had been mixed with quartz and other minerals in veins in the old mountains, was gradually ground down and crushed, freeing it into nuggets or fine dust.

Old Luciana died without revealing the secret of his gold. Many have looked for it, but the shrewd old Indian probably hid his tracks too well. My own personal guess is that he knew of, or had discovered, a very rich pocket of gold along a hill or cliff side. Doing what his ancestors had done, he mined the gold only as he needed it, then cleaned up and concealed his tunnel.

Weekend prospectors, hoping to find a few colors, still work the river at the site of Eldoradoville. Perhaps just up the hillside, over their shoulders, waits a fortune in placer gold. ●RW

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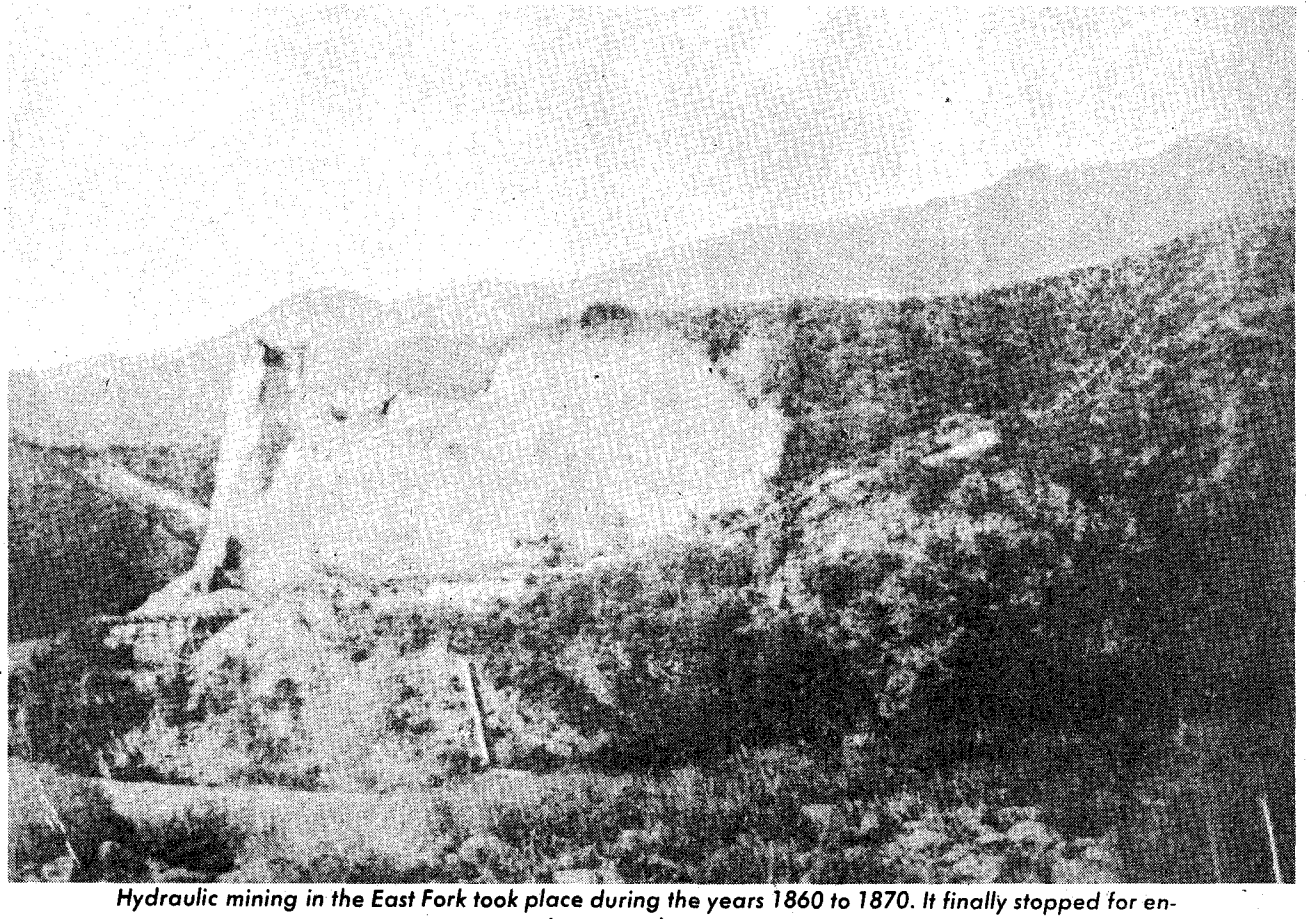

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Hydraulic mining in the East Fork took place during the years 1860 to 1870. It finally stopped for environmental reasons.

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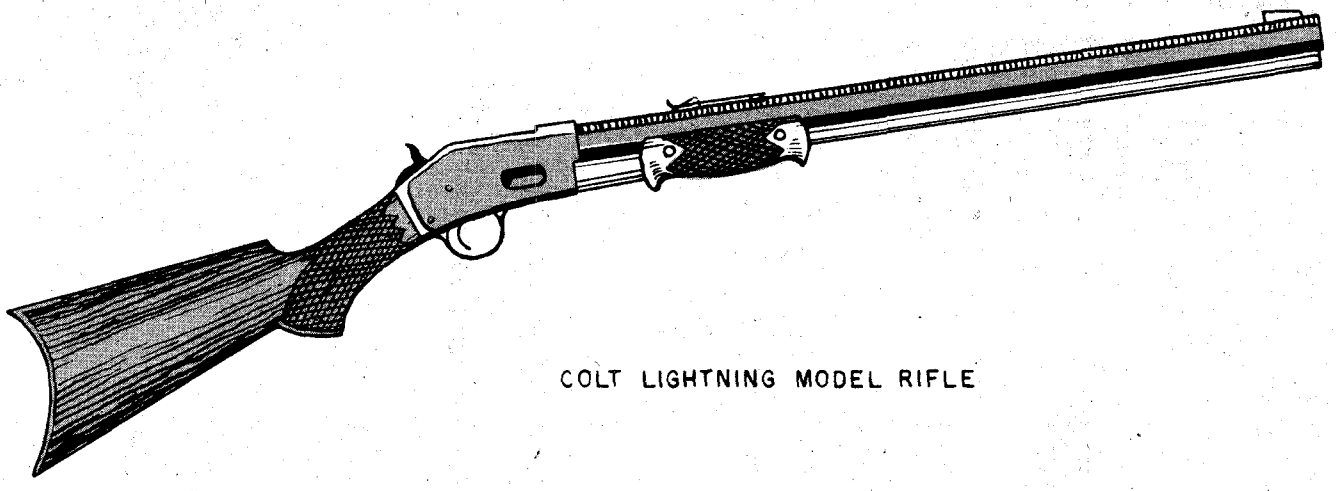
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



COLT LIGHTNING MODEL RIFLE

There is one type of early repeating rifle which has never been covered in this department. It deserves to be included in this series on frontier firearms, for several reasons.

This is the Colt "Lightning" Model Magazine Rifle — one of the first successful pump-action repeaters. It quickly became popular with many westerners due to its fast-handling design. Basically similar rifles were later produced by Remington and by Winchester, but the Colt Lightning appeared at a time when some of the "fast-gun" artists were still operating, in the mid-1880s.

The first Lightning rifle was the medium weight 1885 Model. One version of this was the "Baby" carbine, with a 20-inch barrel and holding twelve .44-40 cartridges, the most popular cartridge in the West at that time. Although early catalogs do not mention it, the Colt people tell us that the "Baby" model was also made in .32-20.

The .44-40 "Baby" made available a lot of shots at high speed and with a cartridge that was, in that era, considered quite powerful. Indeed, against human targets, the round was a tremendous improvement over the earlier .44 Henry Flat rimfire cartridge.

The "Baby" was made slimmer and lighter in every possible place so that its total weight was a mere 5¼ pounds. This was a full pound less than the standard carbine and only a few ounces more than the earlier Walker Colt revolver! It is easy to understand why this little powerhouse was welcomed by many westerners as a super-light saddle gun!

For those readers who have not seen one, the Lightning series of rifles were pump-action, or what later became known as "trombone" rifles. This meant that the action was operated by pumping a sliding wooden handle back and forth beneath the barrel, taking the place of a fore-arm. One pump ejected the empty cartridge, placed a loaded one in the chamber, and left the action cocked. The magazine was tubular and was underneath the barrel.

There has always been controversy as to which is the fastest-handling repeating rifle action. It would definitely be either the pump-action or the lever-action. Most experts would pick the pump-action, once you have learned to operate it without seriously disturbing your aim for the next shot.

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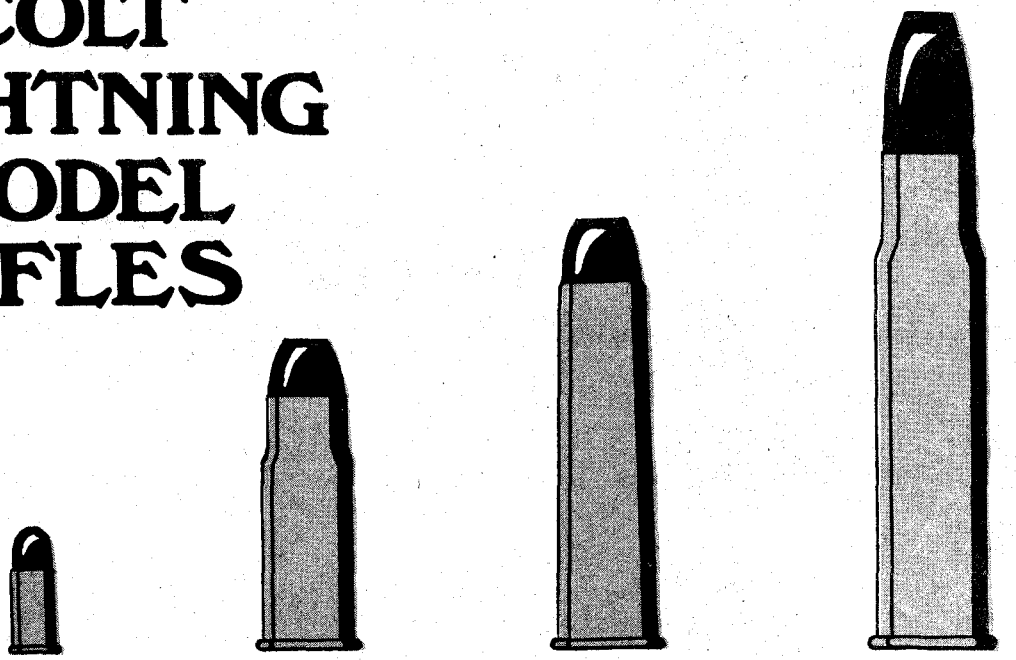
COLT LIGHTNING MODEL RIFLES



SOME "LIGHTNING" CARTRIDGES

Sketched by author

The medium weight Model 1885 Lightning Rifles were based upon the patent of Dr. William H. Elliott. In various barrel lengths, they were available in .32-20, .38-40 and .44-40 calibers, in both carbines and rifles.

In 1886, with additional improvements and patents, two more lines of Colt Lightning rifles were introduced.

One of these was a line of .22 rimfire rifles — again in a variety of styles. These were listed as taking both the .22 short and the .22 long cartridges interchangeably (or even a mixed load). It was one of the earliest .22 repeaters to advertise this versatile feature. It must be remembered that this was just about the time of the introduction of the famed .22 long rifle cartridge, and that was not in general use until several years later.

The fine little .22 Lightning models were the grand-daddies of the flood of .22 pump repeaters which were to become so popular after the turn of the century — in American homes and in carnival shooting galleries.

The third and final line of Lightning models was of the most interest to westerners. This was a group of heavier and more powerful Express rifles, on the same action. In that era, an "Express" rifle meant any extra-sturdy one in the largest available calibers.

These larger Lightning models were suitable for big game hunting. They were chambered for .38-56, .40-60, .45-85, and .50-95 Express cartridges. The larger of these were considered sufficiently powerful for buffalo or grizzly bear, and by early black powder standards, they were.

For use by lawmen, however, any caliber from .38-40 up was quite acceptable. All Lightning calibers were centerfire except the .22.

Among western users was the San Francisco Police department, which purchased a large number of Colt Lightnings in .44-40. They remained an official regulation arm for some years. Manufacture of all three groups of Lightnings was discontinued between 1895 and 1903. In that year, Colt ceased all manufacture of sporting rifles and concentrated on revolvers. Only very recently did the company resume making rifles.

During their short tenure, these interesting old "trombone" rifles gained a reputation as the fastest-handling shoulder arms until the advent of the automatic. ●RW

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by Carl W. Breihan

THE BANNACK

Everyone in town knew that Henry Plummer, one of the deadliest outlaws in the history of the west, was the merciless leader of a gang that was killing and looting in Montana. Yet, when Plummer ran for sheriff, he was elected. This situation one day led to some thrills and chills for those riding the Bannack stagecoach.

Five men were hanged in this building, Jan. 14, 1864. Among them was Frank Parrish, one of the stage robbers.

Salt Lake City, the Dakota Territories, Colorado, as well as other far-flung outposts of America, all were in an uproar. Word had come of the rich gold strikes along the Salmon River. Fortune - hungry miners, gamblers, outlaws, and men of all sorts flocked toward the new Eldorado. They came by way of Fort Hall, the Snake River and other routes, only to find their way blocked by the mountains and rough terrain. Some dared to cross the mountains without their wagons; others went on to Deer Lodge by way of Grasshopper Creek. It was the beginning of the settlement of the Territory of Montana ... it was Spring, 1862.

Oddly enough, not much attention was given to the news that Fort Donelson had surrendered to General Grant (February 14-17, 1862), or that the mighty naval battle between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* had taken place in Hampton Roads (March 9, 1862), or more so, that over 24,000 Union and Confederate soldiers had been killed in the mighty Battle of Shiloh (April 6-7, 1862).

Many of the emigrants rendezvoused at the Beaver Head Diggings, from which point they spread out to settle Bannack, Virginia City, and other towns in Montana. In June of 1863 there was a stampede to the Alder Gulch, where the discovery of rich placer diggings attracted more outlaws, vultures who preyed on the miners and the stagecoaches plying between Bannack and Virginia City. Among those was Henry Plummer, gunfighter extraordinary, who started a band of outlaws which terrorized the territory until the Vigilantes stepped in to either hang most of them or banish them from the area.

The first real threat to Plummer's empire was from a man named Hank Crawford. Jack Cleveland, an old partner - in - crime with Plummer, had come to Bannack and demanded a cut in Henry's operations. He knew what was going on, for he was well acquainted with Plummer

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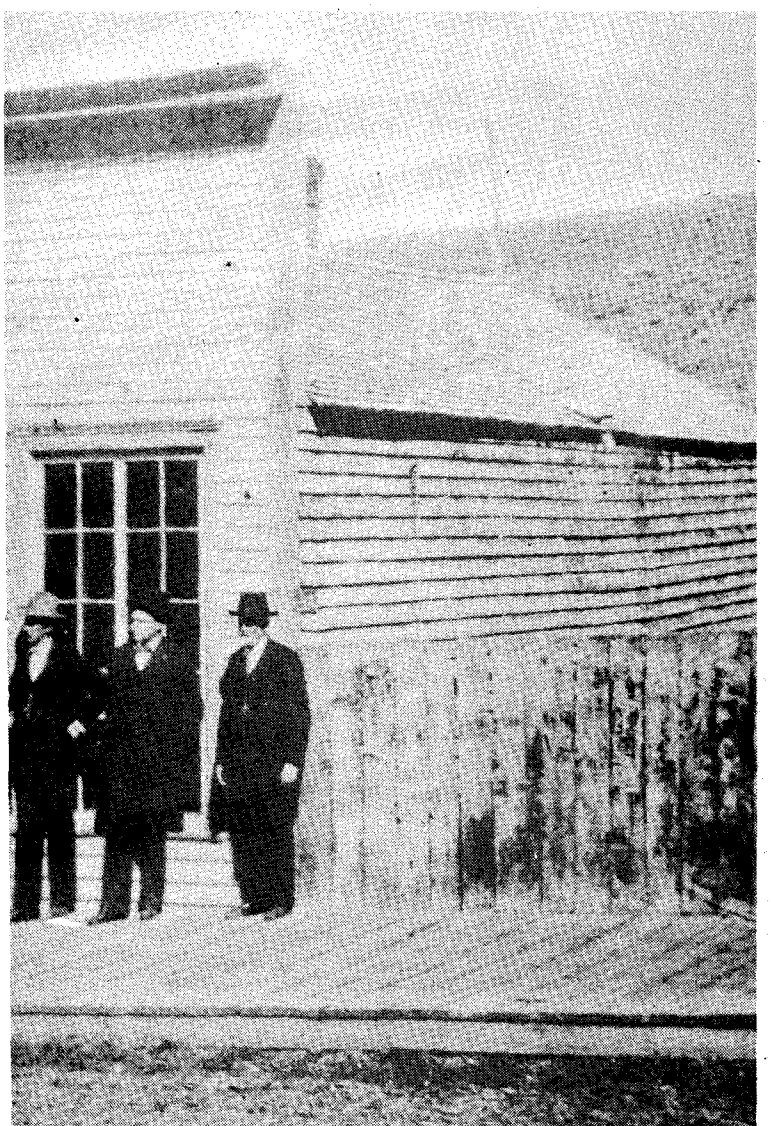
STAGE ROBBERY



Carl Breihan collection.

from several years back. On January 14, 1863 Cleveland and Plummer shot it out in Goodrich's saloon. Cleveland was mortally wounded, but no citizen offered to assist him, so great was their fear of the outlaw band. Hank Crawford ran to the saloon when he heard the shot and volunteered to take the wounded man to his own room. Cleveland lived for several hours and during that time he asked Crawford to seek Plummer and obtain some blankets from him. Henry was suspicious of this errand on behalf of Cleveland, and astonished that he was still alive.

"Did he tell you anything?" he asked Crawford.

"About what?"

"Oh, about his past life or his acquaintances of his friends."

"Cleveland has no friends. I will see to his burial myself. That is the least another human being can do for a down-and-outer."

With that Crawford walked from the room. An astute man, Crawford noticed Plummer's anxiety and began to watch the man closely. The rough but honest miners listened with interest whenever Crawford voiced his suspicions of corruption in Plummer, and in very short order they elected him the first sheriff of Bannack District.

The climax came one day when Crawford stepped into a restaurant for a cup of coffee. Learning that Crawford was unarmed, the outlaw chief rushed to the butcher shop and took his station close to the door, armed with a double-barreled shotgun. It looked bad for the sheriff; at the last minute, however, Frank Ray, a friend of the sheriff, leveled a weapon at Plummer and fired. The bullet broke his right arm.

The shooting was received with mixed feelings. Some people wished the bullet had struck Plummer in the head; others were ready to lynch Crawford for it. Crawford, disgusted and knowing he would sooner or later become the victim of ambush lead, tossed in his badge and returned to his home in Wisconsin.

Plummer survived the wound and soon became an expert in the use of the revolver with his left hand. With Crawford out of the way, Plummer became more powerful than ever politically, and he even became a candidate for the abandoned sheriff's job. The election was an outrage, for Plummer's real colors were now known to most of the miners; yet his outlaw band swung enough weight to elect him sheriff.

Plummer's reign was short-lived, however, for the Alder Gulch strike sent the miners scampering in that direction. He then moved on to Virginia City, a boisterous city of gold, liquor and gunsmoke.

Plummer and his outlaws waylaid stages at every turn, not only robbing their victims but killing them as well. The fate of many of these innocent people was never learned, although it was guessed that many of them sleep in bloody graves, the locations of which still remain a mystery to this day.

One particular stagecoach robbery occurred in October of 1863 while William Rumsey was driving the Peabody & Caldwell stagecoach from Viginia City to Bannack. The passengers were Mr. John Matteson, Mr. James Percival, and Mr. Albert Wilkinson. At the Baker Ranch they picked up another passenger named Daniel McFadden. At each end of the stage line Plummer had agents keeping him supplied with information on shipments of gold. When the stages were carrying anything worth stealing, a Plummer agent marked the stage. As it rumbled along the trail, other agents noted the mark and passed the word along. In the hills Plummer's raiders waited in their hideouts, and when a messenger dashed in with the warning, masked riders swept down to the highway, killed or threatened passengers, and carried off everything of value.

The Plummer men wore only mustaches and sideburns, which were somewhat out of fashion in that era of full beards. They had a special handclasp and used the password "Innocent" as further indentification.

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The Rumsey stagecoach had last stopped at the Bill Bunton Ranch on the Rattlesnake River, where a new team was hitched to the coach. Also, at this point Wilkinson decided to leave the party and to ride into Bannack with a man named Bob Zachary. After a brief rest at Bunton's, several other stagecoaches wheeled into the yard, giving the passengers a chance to have a little conversation as well as several drinks.

Rumsey, impatient to get going, yelled out, "All aboard for Bannack!"

Bill Bunton came out of the way station with a bottle and a glass, gave Rumsey a drink, and stated he was going into Bannack with him.

"That's fine, Bill. I need someone to be whip man for me for a spell; my danged arthritis is acting up something fierce."

"Danged weather is getting blustery, Rumsey," snorted Bunton, "but I'll oblige for a spell."

In fact, it was getting cold and miserable, so much so that the passengers let down the coach curtains.

Bunton kept the horses at a steady, fast pace until Rumsey yelled out "What the hell, man, you want them animals to drop dead in their tracks?"

With that, Bunton handed the whip to the drover and got inside the coach. He sat down beside McFadden. Percival and Matteson were on the other seat, their backs to the driver.

The team went on at a slow trot down the gulch, with Rumsey casting an anxious glance about him all the time. Several minutes later, he saw two men along the roadside, their heads covered with hoods and with blankets wrapped about them.

"My God!" cried Rumsey. "Another holdup. Men, get your guns and start shooting; there's only two of them."

Although every man inside the coach tried to look out the curtain holes, only Matteson was able to get a view of the two robbers. He reached for his revolver, but it was too late.

"Damn you! Get your hands up or you're a dead one!" warned the apparent leader of the two outlaws.

Rumsey pulled up his horse to a grinding halt. He was then ordered to throw up his hands, and he did so quickly.

Montana Historical Society

Bannack City, 1st capital of Montana.

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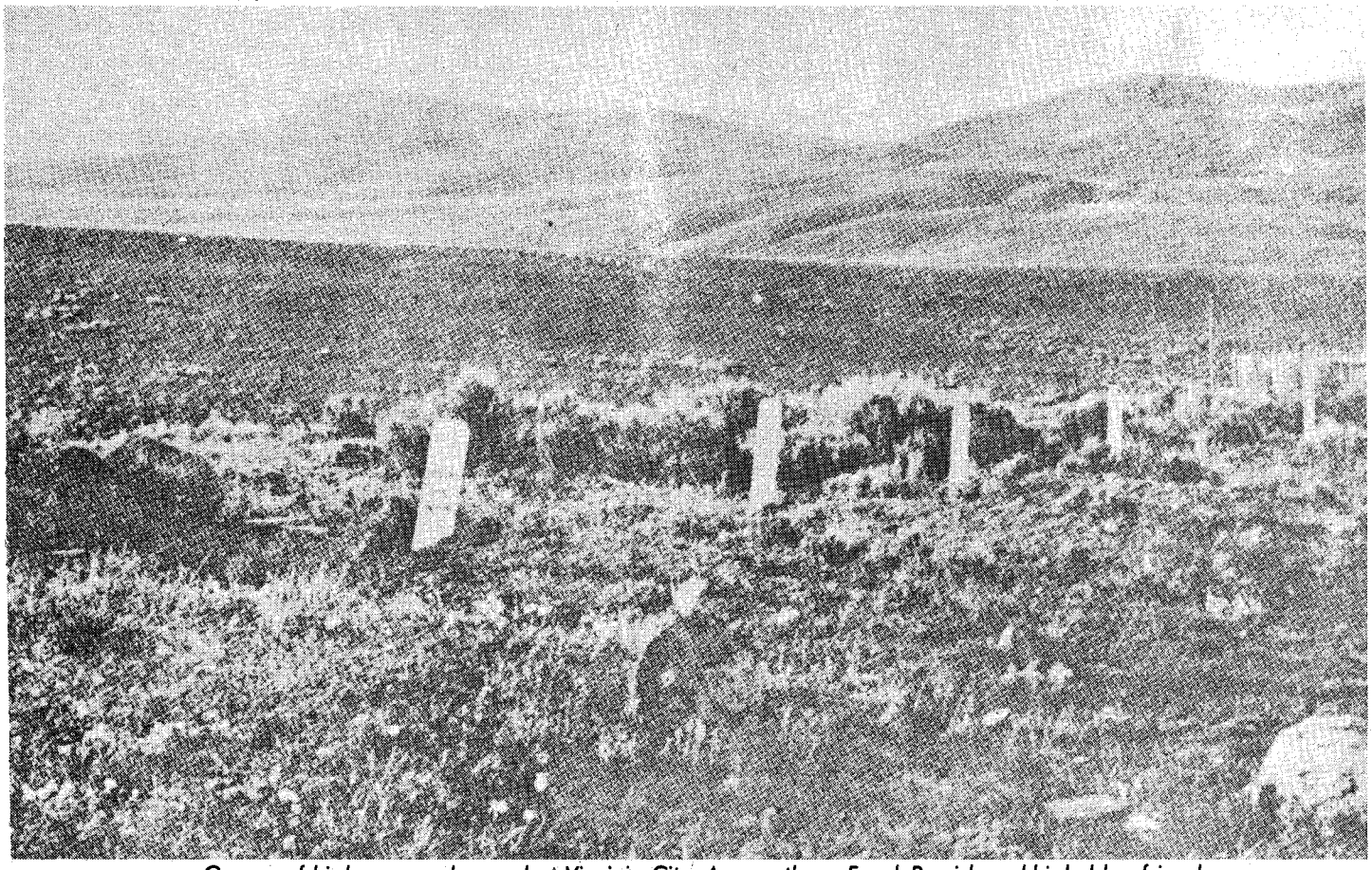

Graves of highwaymen hanged at Virginia City. Among them, Frank Parrish and his holdup friends Haze Lyons, Jack Gallagher and Boone Helm.

"Don't kill me, for God's sake!" implored Bunton, feigning fright pitiful to behold. "You can have my money."

Bunton kept pleading for his life as he alighted from the coach on the same side as the robbers were. He knew the nature of these heartless men; he would do what he had to do to spare himself, even though he was no coward.

"Get out, every one of you," ordered the robber, waving his weapons menacingly.

"You, driver, get down and take the guns off these jaspers. Be quick about it, too, if you don't want to die in the next minute."

"I'll not leave the coach to have the horses run off."

"I'm not armed. I'll hold the team," cried Bunton, taking off his coat to show he carried no weapon.

"All right, you cowardly skunk, get up and do just that."

Bunton at once went to the lead horses and grasped the reins to keep the animals from darting away.

"Now, driver, get down and search these people," commanded one robber. "Any more sass from you and you're a dead pigeon."

Rumsey removed two Navy Colts from McFadden and one from Matteson. Percival was unarmed.

"Now, throw your money down on the ground alongside those guns," he ordered the passengers.

Bunton took out his purse and cried out, "Here is $120, all the money I have in he world, only don't kill me."

"All right, get the purses of the others and see they don't hold out."

McFadden handed over two purses to Bunton, and Matteson had one. Percival had lost a bag of gold dust to the robbers, and driver Rumsey was also forced to part with his own purse. With that he started to climb back on the coach seat.

"Where are you going?" demanded the robbers.

"You got what you want. Let us get out of here."

"No, we have not gotten it all," grinned one of the robbers. "That McFadden is the man we want. We know he's got more money on him."

The robber then compelled Bunton to remove a strap from McFadden's shoulder. To the end of it was fastened a large purse which went down one of his pant legs.

The two robbers finished the matter by stating, "Get aboard, every one of you. If we hear a word of this from anyone, we'll kill you for sure."

They all boarded the coach, with Bunton leaping up beside Rumsey, where he made good use of the whip to get away from that area. Turning to look back, Rumsey saw the bandits picking up the plunder, which amounted to nearly $3,000.

The coach raced into Bannack, and the robbery was reported at the Peabody Express Office. George Hilderman, a Plummer agent, was there when the coach arrived. It was his duty to hear what they had to say about the robbery and to advise Plummer if any of the passengers suggested an identity of the men. If they had done so, they would have been murdered on their return trip.

Rumsey thought he had recognized the bandits, but he was wrong. McFadden and Percival knew them and told Matteson. However, it was a well-kept secret until the bandits had been hanged for their many crimes.

Before he was hanged, Frank Parrish confessed his part in this stage robbery and stated that his companion had been George Ives.

George Ives was hanged by Montana Vigilantes at Nevada City, Dec. 21, 1863; Frank Parrish was hanged at Virginia City, Jan. 14, 1864.

There are other stories dealing with the passing of other Plummer gang members, but that is for another time. ● **RW**

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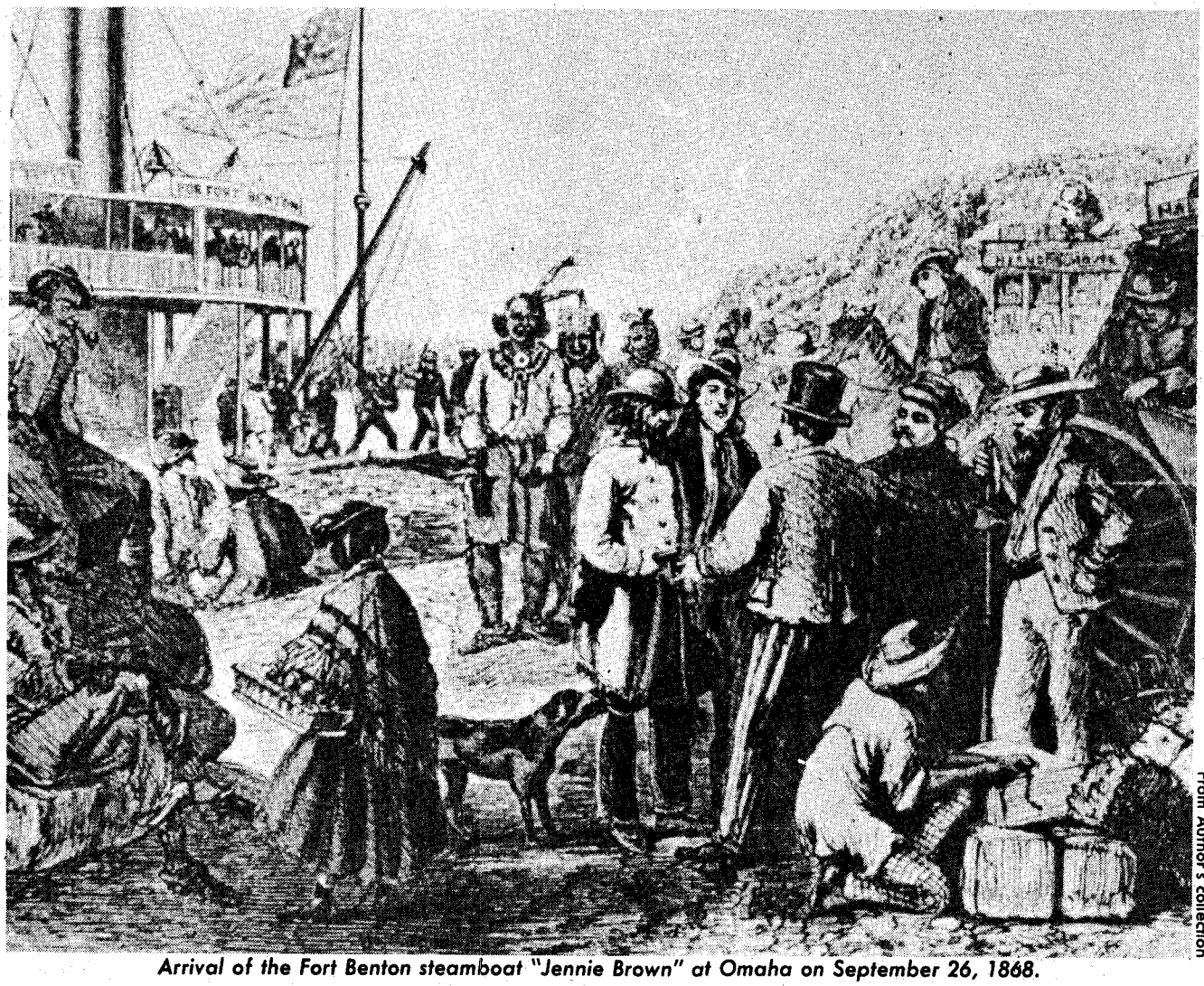
The Amazing Saga Of SHIPS THAT OPENED THE WEST

by Sam Bloom



From Author's collection

Arrival of the Fort Benton steamboat "Jennie Brown" at Omaha on September 26, 1868.

In the summer of 1819, just ten years after Robert Fulton's *Clermont* steamed up the Hudson River, plans were made to travel from Pittsburgh down the Ohio River and then up to the Missouri River. Four steamboats and nine keelboats made up the first flotilla. They didn't reach Yellowstone, but they were the forerunners of ships that did help to open the West.

In the winter of 1805 the Lewis and Clark expedition sailed sixteen hundred miles up the Missouri River to Fort Mandan. They found the river to be more dangerous than the savages. From his winter camp Meriwether Lewis wrote, "....the difficulty in navigating this immense river rises from the rapidity of its current, its falling banks, sandbars, and timber concealed in its bed ... the turbid quality of the water renders it impossible to discover any obstruction even to the depth of a single inch."

But men improved their techniques, maneuvering their vessels through the longest river on the continent, steering them westward. In the summer of 1819, just ten years after Robert Fulton's *Clermont* paddled up the Hudson, plans were made for a Yellowstone expedition.

This was to be one of the biggest events of the century. People were buzzing about it on every corner of the civilized world. The Secretary of War instructed Major Stephen H. Long to "explore the virgin west from the

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Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains."

Leading a flotilla of four steamboats and nine keelboats, Long led the pack with the flagship *Western Engineer*. But he had his misgivings. He confided to Colonel Henry Atkinson, commander of the troop-laden keelboats, that "this is going to be a perilous journey. I fear for the safety of my ships. My command ship is the only one capable of maneuvering these treacherous and unchartered waters."

As it turned out his pessimism was justified. The *Western Engineer* was launched at Pittsburgh and splashed down the Ohio River before a huge crowd of cheering curiosity-seekers. St. Louis newspapers described the ship this way:

"It looks like a smoke-eating dragon, which it emulates closely. Black and scaly, it appears to come out from under the ship, its head as high as the deck, with smoke streaming from its open mouth as it lunges forward, the ship seemingly resting on the dragon's back. The violently churned water at the stern completes the illusion. It could scare the Indians half to death."

The ship's banner displayed a white man and an Indian shaking hands; one holding a sword, the other a peace pipe. As the flotilla chugged a short way up the muddy waters of the Missouri, all at once, in an instance, Major Long's fears became a reality.

The *Thomas Jefferson* headed into a fast current and met faster moving timber head-on at Osage Chute, becoming the first wrecked steamboat on the Missouri. The *R.E.Johnson* and the *Expedition* — the latter famous for its transporting 163,000 dollars to the Bank of Missouri in St. Louis — labored hard before reaching Atchison, Kansas, and were completely bottled up by the heavy winter storm. The troop - laden keelboats had already arrived at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

That left only the lead flagship *Western Engineer* afloat. And they could only advance three miles an hour. The ship drew only nineteen inches, but the turbid water slowed her down to a crawl.

Mud filled the boilers and the steam gauge dropped all at once. Major Long wearily headed the ship toward Fort Lisa, near Council Bluffs, three long months out of St. Louis. And they were still eight hundred miles short of Yellowstone.

Congress had become disillusioned with the whole affair and cut off all funds. Thus the first attempt to go west by steamboat failed. But it proved that a shallow-draft steamboat could navigate the Missouri.

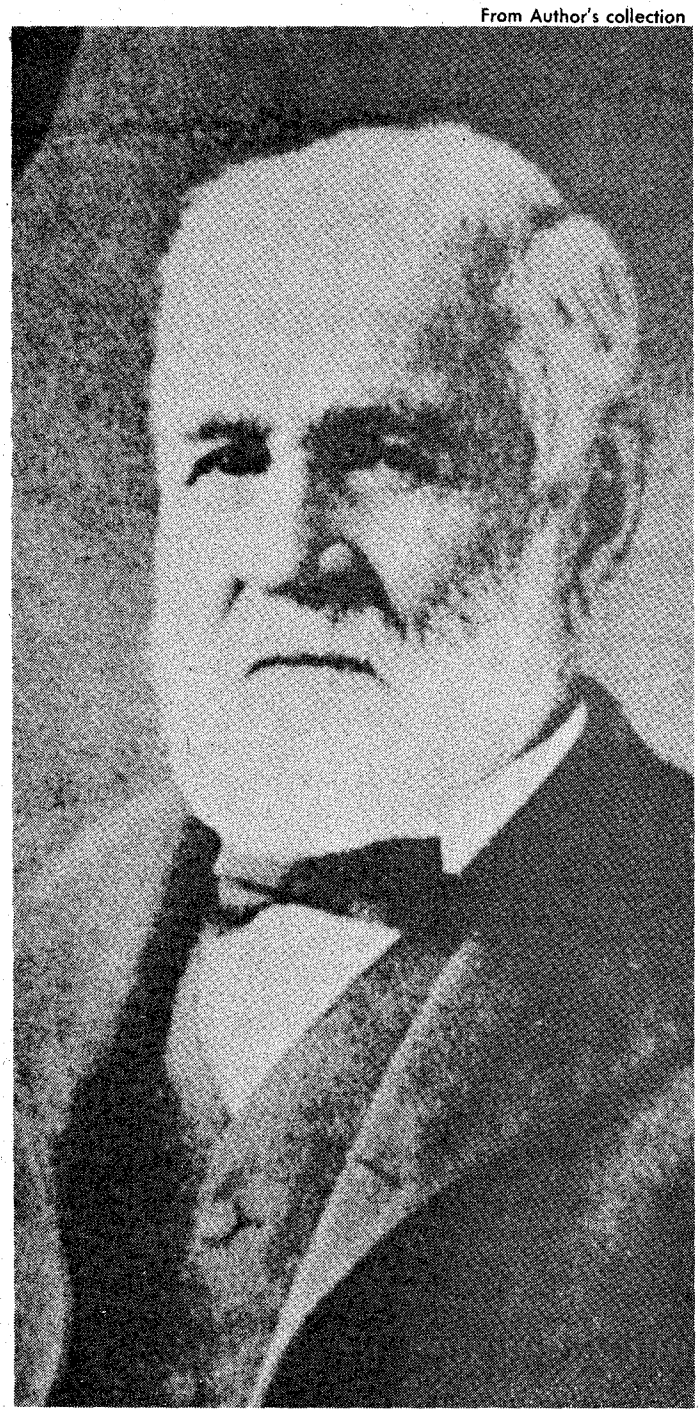
The wealthy fur traders now became interested. In 1830, the American Fur Company built the steamer *Yellowstone* with a seventy - five - ton capacity, powerful sidewheel paddles, and an upraised wheelhouse to better scan the channel.

Another attempt was made to reach Yellowstone, and again it failed. Struggling up to the mouth of Niobrara, the *Yellowstone* came to a dead end in low water. After many missionary trips, Father Pierre Jean De Smet reported: "Traveling the Missouri by steamboat must beyond doubt be the most hazardous undertaking."

Next spring the *Yellowstone* did make it to the company's large new post at Fort Union at the mouth of the Yellowstone River. Every newspaper in the nation and all over Europe headlined the event.

On the *Yellowstone's* third trip on April 10, 1833, the American Fur Company took on as guest one Philip Maximilian, Prince of Nied-Neuwied, adventurer and author escaping from the soft life on the Rhine. At fifty, his latent curiosity about the American Northwest was at fever pitch. His book on the interior of the west is a classic. With him was a manservant and a young artist, Karl Bodner, who became famous in his own right.

From Author's collection



Joseph LaBarge, famous river pilot, made the deepest penetration of the west by steamship in 1851.

The steamer churned through the scattered trading posts of St. Joe, Council Bluffs, Sioux City and Vermillion. The Indians watched in awe at the passing smoke-dragons. Swirling current swept up uprooted trees in its path. One of them crashed through the Prince's bunk where he slept, narrowly missing him. Aground often, losing a chimney in a gale with some of her supplies blown overboard, she still maintained an average speed of twenty miles a day.

Tying up at Fort Pierre, Prince Max and his party transferred to the *Assiniboine* heading west, while the *Yellowstone* went back east with eight thousand buffalo hides. Steaming through the snowy waters of the Rockies, the *Assiniboine* reached Port Union on June 24. Karl Bodner's sketches of Cree and Assiniboine tribesmen won world acclaim.

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As this was the last outpost in the 1830s, Prince Max and his guests shoved off in a keelboat to where Lewis and Clark wintered in Fort Mandan. Only now it was Fort Clark, Fort Mandan having been washed away. They stopped to take notes and more sketches before returning.

Back home in his castle on the Rhine, the Prince wrote his famous *Travels in the Interior of North America.* But his other specimens on board ship were lost when sparks from the stovepipe set the steamer ablaze. Over four hundred water colors by Bodner are now on exhibition in the Joslyn Art Museum of Omaha.

In the 1840s steamboats sailing east was routine. But the journey west was always exciting. On board the *Omega* on April 25, 1843, John James Audubon wrote in his diary about birds, shrubs and flowers, and the senseless killing of buffalo.

"Thousands of buffalo," he reported, "were slaughtered wantonly and their enormous carcass' are easy prey to the raven and the buzzards."

The *Omega* passed four barges below Fort Pierre, piled high with ten thousand buffalo hides.

A decade later, fur traders struck deeper into the wild Northwest. In 1851 Joseph La Barge, one of a family of famous river pilots, brought the steamer *St. Ange* to the mouth of the Poplar River, the deepest penetration of the west yet. Another brother, Captain John La Barge, tried to take the *Chippewa* to Fort Benton, two hundred miles upstream. He got as far as Brule Bottom, just fifteen miles short of the fort. Here he was stopped by the nemesis of all pilots: low water.

La Barge lost no time dumping his cargo on the bank and just did manage to beat out the shrinking river downstream.

It took the *Chippewa* another year to go all the way to Fort Benton. But when she tried the same route again in 1861, she met her waterloo at Disaster Bend, near the Poplar River. Some of the deckhands tried tapping a cask of whiskey by candlelight, but fired the ship instead. A spark hit the streaming flow of liquor; the ultimate blaze worked its way below deck toward the gunpowder keg. The crew made it out just in time to see the *Chippewa* go up in one big blast.

But now excitement of another sort spread throughout the east and west. Gold! A group of prospectors in Pioneer Mountain, Montana, found placer gold in Grasshopper Creek. News of the find spread like a prairie fire on a windy day. It wasn't long before everyone wanted to get in on the strike.

In quick succession Alder Gulch struck it rich, and the sensational find at Last Chance Gulch made Helena, Montana, an overnight boomtown.

That put the fur traders out of business. A new commerce emerged to take its place. Ships were now floating on a river of gold! Where only six steamers had gone to Fort Benton up to 1864, now, just one year later, a sea of humanity by the thousands, plus countless oxen, mules and horses and merchandise, crowded the fort. Thirty-one steamers sidepaddled into Fort Benton in 1868.

Tents were set up all along the riverbank, hardy pioneers waiting for wagon trains to hussle them to gold camps. Some went back, but most were starry-eyed and stayed.

A stern sidewheeler with a powerful hull was the typical ship plying its wares. A pilot's house protected by an encased cast-iron shield to ward off Indian arrows and bullets was set up above deck. The ship was so shallow it could run onto a sandbar and back out with ease. And when she crawled through shoal waters, cargo was shifted from bow to stern, spars dropped into the sand, capstan cables tightened, with the ship now ready to "grasshop" upward and forward.

On the way to Fort Benton in 1869, the *Henry M. Shreve* recorded seeing: the *Antelope* in flames, the *Huntsville* grounded, *Big Horn* stuck in low water, the *Importer* beached, *Peninah* meshed in a high sandbar, the *J.H. Trevor* with a gaping hole in her bow, *Mountaineer* grounded with a broken wheel, and the *Lacon* out of fuel. Even the *Shreve* pulled in with a broken rudder at Yankton Agency. That summer twenty-four near-wrecks limped into Fort Benton.

Fuel wood was a sticky and time-consuming problem. Joseph La Barge had logs hauled aboard by oxen; a steam-powered saw cut them down to furnace size. But with traffic booming, deals for wood were made with the Indians. The *Omega* set down at an Indian Sauk village, trading eight cords of wood for five tin cups of sugar and three cups of coffee.

It wasn't long before the Indians learned the fine art of trading, asking and getting from $2.50 to $15.00 a cord! The *Shreve* paid $6,048.70 for fuel on her run to Fort Benton. A hundred dollars a day was average. But fortunes were still made. Both the ship owners and the Indians never had it so good.

Cabin rates were $300; freight — 12½¢ a pound from St. Louis to the Rockies. The *Peter Balen* cleared $65,000 on her first trip west. Joseph La Barge took aboard three hundred passengers and three hundred tons of cargo on his new steamer *Octavia* for a neat profit of $45,000. Even the pilots made a killing. An average of $2,000 a month was paid for the run up west. Gold wasn't only in the mines, it was also floating on the river!

The government purchased the forts and turned them into military outposts. The American Fur Company petered out, selling Fort Pierre and Fort Union. The *Luella* transferred the last goods from Fort Union to Fort Benton. Returning to St. Louis, she was loaded with miners carrying aboard more than a million dollars in gold dust.

In the decade after 1866, the military became the heaviest shippers on the river, depositing troops and supplies to a string of forts all over the west. On the evening of June 21, Captain Grant Marsh tied up the *Far West* at Rosebud Creek, where campfires flickered all along the riverbank. Custer's Cavalry bivouacked nearby. He and General Gibbon held a conference in the captain's quarters on what strategy to use against the Indians.

Custer wore his usual fringed buckskin jacket; his flowery mustache and long flowing hair easily identified him. They traced maps by candlelight. Gibbon's men would move on up north of Yellowstone to Big Horn where the *Far West* would put them ashore. Custer and his cavalry would ride up Rosebud, looking for Sitting Bull's trail. They planned to converge their forces, crushing the Sioux Indians in a pincer movement.

Next morning the troops broke camp, Custer heading his men for a disastrous confrontation with Sitting Bull. The pall of smoke hung heavily over the campsites like a foreboding of bad news. A few days later the *Far West* moored at Little Big Horn. Before long, Custer's Crow scout, Curly, staggered on board, relating the ambush and the massacre following it. New arrivals confirmed Curly's grim tale.

Fatigued litter-bearers brought in the wounded; fifty-two casualties were taken aboard the *Far West.* Hours after leaving Big Horn, Cap-

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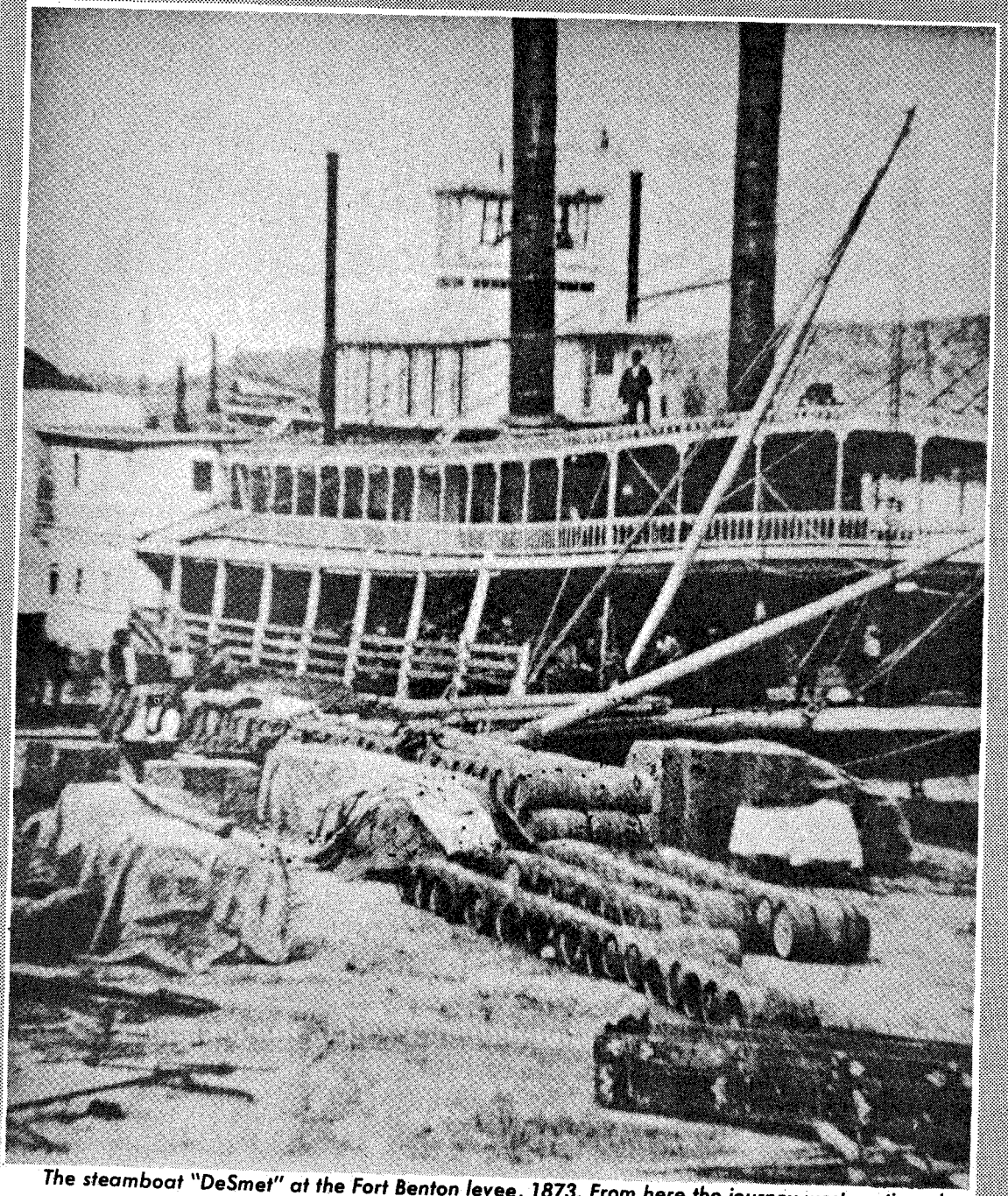

The steamboat "DeSmet" at the Fort Benton levee, 1873. From here the journey west continued overland by wagon and team to the gold beyond.

From Author's collection

tain Marsh piloted his ship to Bismarck at Fort Lincoln, where telegraph keys clicked out the news.

By morning the names of Custer and Sitting Bull flashed across every headline in every newspaper in the nation.

But now steamers were running head-on against the Iron Horse. The stern sidewheeler was becoming as obsolete as the wagon trains. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

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"The Missouri River and its Victims" by W.J. McDonald — in the Missouri Historical Review

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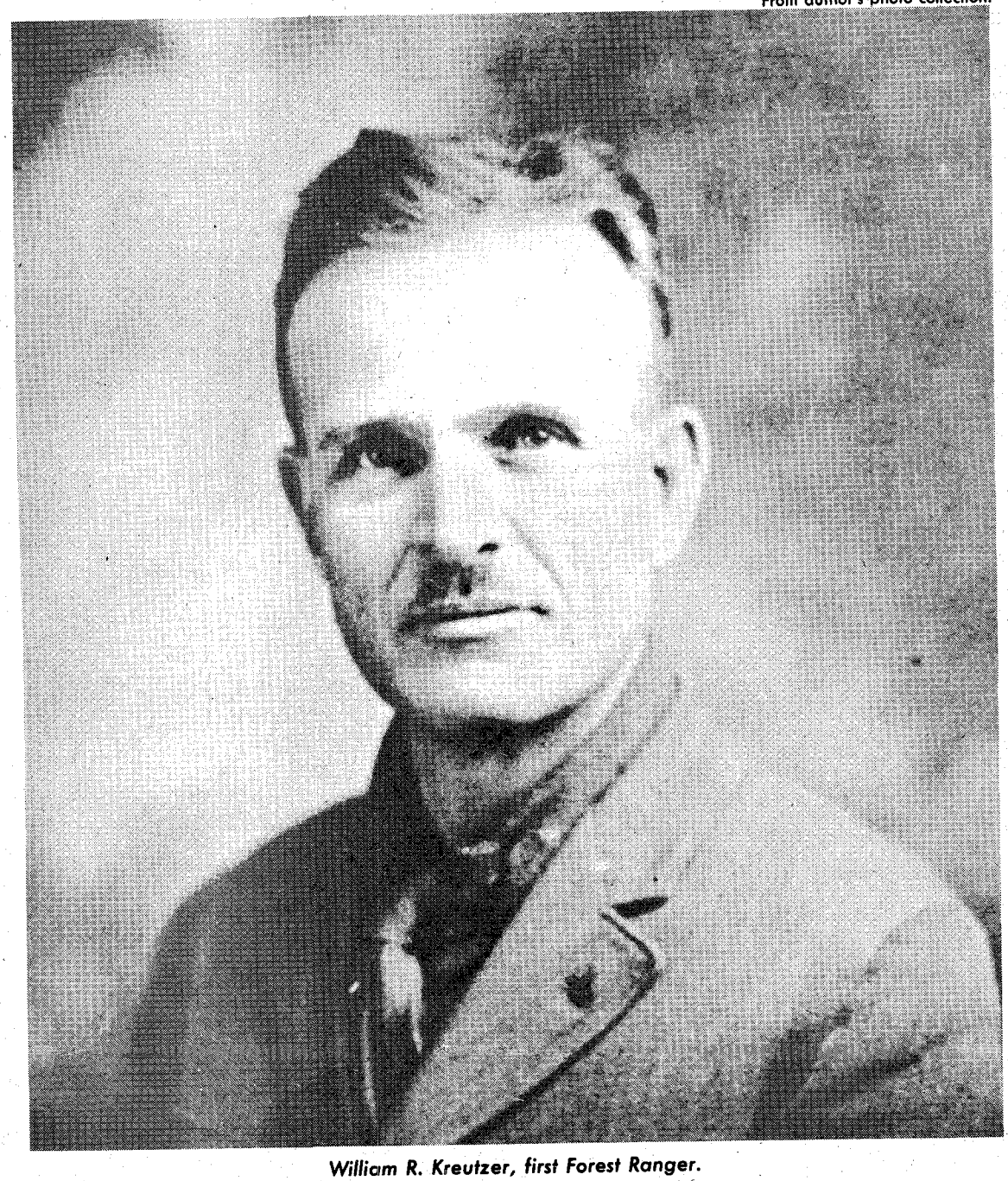

William R. Kreutzer, first Forest Ranger.

COLORADO COWBOY THE FIRST FOREST RANGER

by Velma West Sykes

Colorado was a pioneer state in concern for the preservation of forest resources, largely through the efforts of Frederick J. Ebert. He had been professionally trained in forestry in a German university and was instrumental in promoting a Forest Culture Committee (of which he was chairman) at the state's constitutional convention. The very first Forest Ranger was William B. Kreutzer, who retired after 41 years with the Forestry Service.

Kreutzer began his work in August of 1898; thus 1973 was the 75th anniversary of the administration of the U.S. Forest Service, which emerged in 1876 when Congress authorized the Commission of Agriculture to appoint

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Franklin B. Hough to research the forest situation. The following year, President Cleveland set aside about 21 million acres into 13 forest reserves.

Originally, the Administration of Forest Reserves was in the General Land Office of the Department of the Interior. It was not until February 1, 1905 that President Theodore Roosevelt, a great conservationist, transferred the reserves to the Bureau of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture and renamed it the Forest Reserve. Gifford Pinchot was appointed a member of the National Forest Commission in 1896 — hence this letter to Kreutzer on "Bill's" retirement.

"Dear Kreutzer:

I have just recently learned of your retirement after your remarkable service of forty-one years, and I can not deny myself the pleasure of writing to congratulate you. It seems a long time ago when you and I first met. But I do not forget that you were in it before I was, although I began my work in the old Division of Forestry a month and eight days before you started under the Land Office. On the other hand, you certainly lasted a whole lot longer than I did.

Every good wish to you for health and happiness now that you have retired. When you come to write the story of your life in the Forest Service of the Government, I am sure you will not forget to contrast the conditions at the beginning and at the end.

With every good wish to you once more.

Faithfully yours,
Gifford Pinchot"

The constitution adopted by Colorado in 1876 said: "The General Assembly shall enact laws to prevent the destruction of, and to keep in good preservation, the forests of the lands of the state, or upon lands of public domain, the control of which shall be conferred by Congress upon the state."

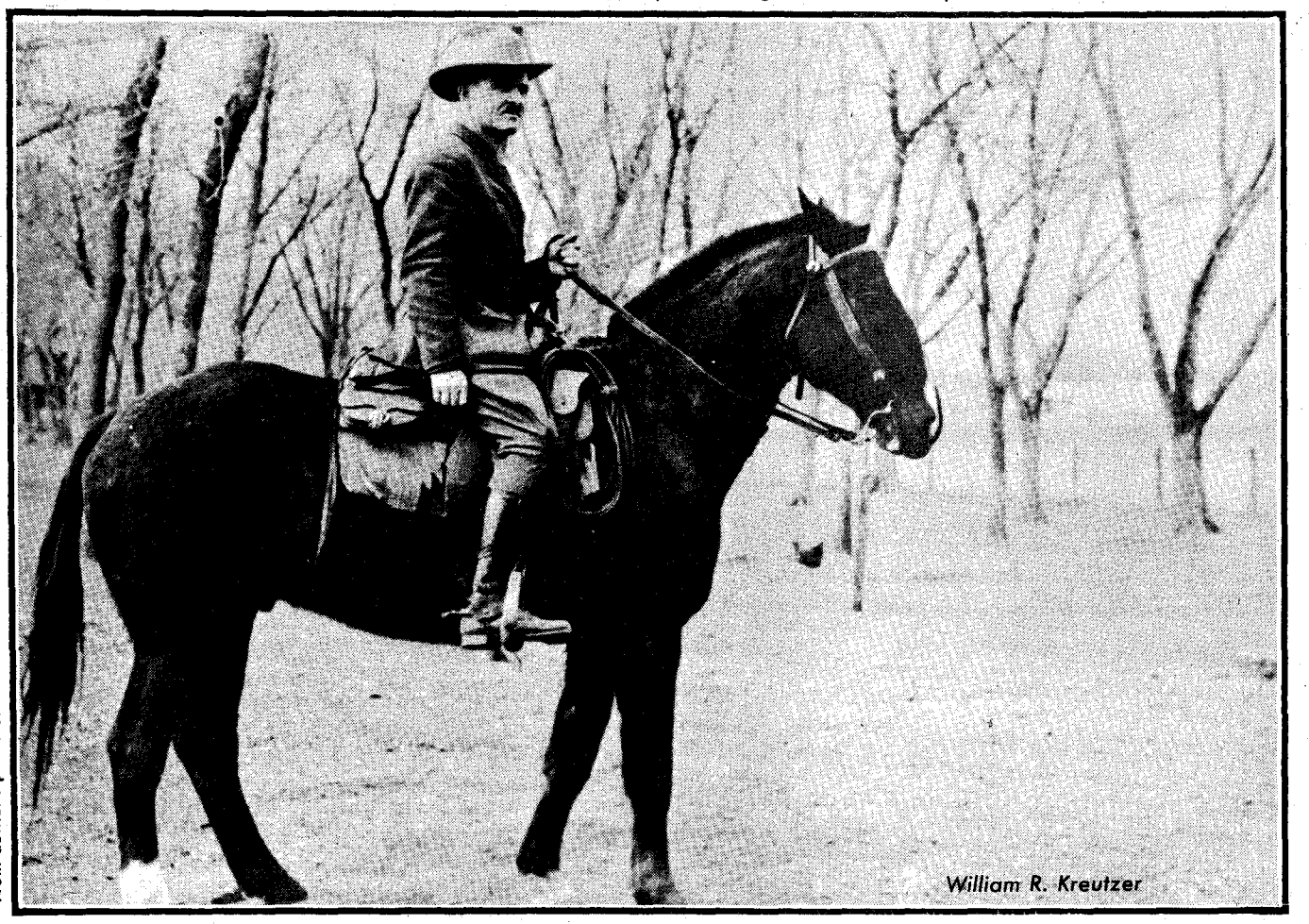
When you are the first in any field, you become a trailblazer. We now have special college courses in some 10 or 12 universities, which train those who wish to work for the U.S. Forest Service. Colorado State University has one of the best and graduates a number of foresters each year, some with Masters or Ph.D. degrees.

Young Bill Kreutzer had no such previous training for his job — just an interest because of his heritage. His paternal grandfather had been a government forester in the Sihwald of Switzerland and the Black Forest of Germany. Bill had been born on a cattle ranch west of Sedalia, Colorado, on October 3, 1877. When he heard about the Forest Ranger job through his father, he rode his horse "Blue" into Denver on August 3, 1898. There he was interviewed by Col. William T. May, who had just been appointed superintendent of the forests of Colorado and Utah.

Evidently, Colonel May was favorably impressed by the nearly six-foot cowboy not quite 21, who was anxious to work as a Ranger; so he signed him at $50 per month and told him to go out and put out forest fires. For this he was furnished a few tools — a water bucket, a rake, a single-bitted ax, a shovel, a file, a map and a badge. With these he was put in charge of the old Plum Creek Timber Reserve (now part of the Pike National Forest) of about 300,000 acres.

This first Forest Ranger was expected to feed and clothe himself and even furnish his own horses. In 1901 Kreutzer was transferred to Battlement Mesa Forest Reserve (now Grand Mesa National Forest) and in 1905 to Gunnison Forest as supervisor. While there, on March 3, 1907, he married Mary McIntosh, a pretty Canadian who was teaching in the area. Among the four children born to them and reared in Gunnison is Dr. William A. Kreutzer, a retired professor of botany and plant pathology at CSU in Fort Collins.

After becoming a roving district forest supervisor in 1920, his father was



William R. Kreutzer

From author's photo collection.

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Be your own keeper.

It would be great if we could protect you and your family from accidents, but all we can do is remind you to take time to be safe. If you want to be your brother's keeper, start with yourself.

National Safety Council

If you don't like thinking about safety, think where you'd be without it.

A reminder from the National Safety Council. A non-profit, non-governmental public service organization. Our only goal is a safer America.

Early Day meeting of Forest Rangers, William R. Kreutzer (first Forest Ranger) is fourth from the right (seated).

From author's photo collection.

transferred to Fort Collins as supervisor of the Colorado National Forest (now the Roosevelt National Forest) in 1921 and held that position until he retired; he continued to live in Fort Collins.

Putting out fires is not and was not the only job assigned to Forest Rangers. Some had more dangerous duties in the early days, since settlers in Colorado had been accustomed to cut timber when and where they pleased. They were also used to pasturing their stock on the same basis and did not take kindly to the restrictions which Rangers enforced for the government. Consequently, Bill Kreutzer had some hair-raising experiences in his early career.

For one thing, he was involved in the heated squabbles between cattlemen and sheepmen over grazing privileges. There was even illegal fencing by cattle barons on public lands to keep sheepmen out or to insure privilege. Rangers thwarting them became so unpopular with certain elements that Kreutzer took to wearing his badge inside his blouse — after it had served as a shining target to a disgruntled settler's rifle, whose aim was fortunately bad.

A dramatic incident is told of an encounter he had with two cattlemen who rode up to tell him that since a previous government officer had been accused of killing a local man, he had better move on — they would handle things themselves in the Battlement Mesa Forest. Bill was ambidextrous, and he came up to one and held out his right hand, saying: "What did you say your name was?"

As the rancher mechanically shook hands, Bill grabbed the fellow's six-shooter and emptied it through the cabin roof with his left hand. Then, before the other cattleman recovered from shock, Bill had seized the other's revolver and calmly taken out the cartridges. Afterward he went ahead preparing his supper, inviting his disarmed guests to join him, and talked rationally with them. The three became fast friends. Another danger he encountered was when he had left his cabin to protect his horse from prowling timber wolves. Because a blizzard was raging, he could not find his way back to the cabin, until finally he sniffed smoke from the chimney and was guided back by his sense of smell.

A more amusing incident is the one about his renting a team and spring wagon from a liveryman, and the mare developed colic on the trip. At a roadhouse he was told to dose her with whiskey — the best cure for colic — and she made what seemed a miraculous recovery. However, when he returned the team to the liveryman and told of his experience, the mare's owner laughed and said Old Doll developed colic quite frequently, having acquired a taste for the whiskey treatment!

In 1955, self-taught Forest Ranger William R. Kreutzer was awarded an honorary degree — Doctor of Science — by Colorado A & M College (now CSU). He died in 1956 at the age of 78. In 1958 the 13,120-foot peak near Tin Cup, Colorado, was named Mt. Kreutzer to honor the memory of this first Forest Ranger. That same year the University of Colorado Press at Boulder published *Saga of a Forest Ranger*, by Len Shoemaker, "a biography of William R. Kreutzer, Forest Ranger No. 1, and a Historical Account of the U.S. Forest Service in Colorado."

One thing Kreutzer did not have to contend with was the art faddists who have been attempting to "beautify" the mountains, such as the silly curtaining of Rifle Gap — which Mother Nature herself took care of by sending a strong wind to destroy it. The two young women who tried to get a permit to color the snow in the mountains of Colorado with tons of dye were refused a permit for this desecration by the U.S. Forest Service.

Dr. William A. Kreutzer (also known as "Bill") says of his father: "Dad would not compromise — things were either black or white for him, never gray. He was wrapped up in his work and away from home a good deal because of it, but he took an interest in his home and his children. He was never stern or unjust. He liked the limelight and he liked to keep busy. When he retired in 1939 he wanted to keep active, so he sold real estate. I suppose my own interest in plants was partly due to what I absorbed from him about his zeal for preserving the forests. Dad was a great ecologist." ●**RW**

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HEALING-WATER WELLS

(continued from page 31)

there to Mineral Wells. People poured in from all over the southwest to be treated with that wonderful healing water.

A well was discovered in 1885 that folks claimed would cure hysterical mania and many other diseases. The basis for that claim stemmed from an incident that took place in the mid-1880s.

A woman had been diagnosed as a hysterical mania case and treated with no success; doctors finally gave her up as hopeless. Her family had heard of the mineral waters at Mineral Wells and so they decided to give it a try. She started treatment with water from the new well, took the warm course and was completely cured. Her mania symptoms disappeared and, as far as anyone knows, never returned. Needless to say, that brought in a storm of people with mental problems.

The old Wagon House Hotel was built around that well in 1897. Many people who came for treatment referred to the water as "Crazy Water" and eventually the hotel name was changed to "Crazy Water Hotel." Another hotel that was very popular during that period was the old Hexagon Hotel, named for its shape. The Hexagon was dreamed up by David Gehugh Galbraith, and he must have been an authority on bees, because it was the spittin' image of a beehive. The rooms all had windows on the outside, insuring cross - ventilation, and 60 years before air conditioning, that must have been very comfortable. The Hexagon Hotel stood from 1895 until 1959, when it was demolished. Now there are only two healing - water hotels left: the Crazy Water, which is now a retirement home; and the Baker, no longer in operation. Some sixty miles or so northeast of Mineral Wells, we discovered another old town with healing water.

The Indians called it "Tioga" which meant 'fair and beautiful.' Most of the history books say Tioga, located in soutwestern Grayson County, Texas,was founded in 1881 when the Texas Pacific Railroad came through. However, the story I got from one of Tioga's former city officials, a nice lady who admits to being 80 years old and seems to be proud of it, doesn't agree with that. According to her, there was a small settlement there before the railroad made its appearance. She said, "The railroad didn't make the town, it just helped it grow. The first small settlement actually was formed by cattlemen and farmers years before the railroad reached it."

About the turn of the century there were many healing - water wells at Tioga. As it was with Wizard Wells, Sulphur, Oklahoma and all the other healing water spas, people flocked in by the hundreds to be cured.

"Banner Well" — that was one of the most popular spas because it was located near the depot and had first crack at the business coming in by train. The Banner Well changed hands so many times, no one around there seems to know who dug it. I did discover that all the wells in Tioga had names. They were usually named for their owner, so a Mr. Banner must have owned that well at one time. The former mayor said she started school there in 1912 and cannot remember when the well wasn't there, so it must have been dug before then.

She recalled that some of the menfolks would gather for checkers under the pointed roof that covered Banner Well, drinking and swapping lies. After they had finished off an old crock jug, she recalls that one of them climbed the pointed roof and crashed the bottom of the jug over the spiral on the top. That didn't bother her, but the jug leaned to the right. She was a person who could never stand to see anything hanging lopsided; that jug tormented her for many years every time she passed by. Finally, fifty years later, teenagers stole the jug, and that took a load off her back she had been carrying for more than half her life.

Donation Street, named because the land for its construction was donated by a farmer, led directly in front of Banner Well. But a few years back they changed the name to Business Street. I hope that helped business, but I doubt it. The First Christian Church of Tioga was condemned in 1930, and I understand that only two of its original members are still alive.

There were many towns in the southwest built around supposedly healing - water wells, and we would liked to have written about all of them. But that would necessitate a book-length feature, and the space allotted us makes that impossible. Whether their water would cure your cancer, gout or gallstones, I don't know ... but I do know it would keep you from dying of thirst. ● **RW**

FROM THE OLD WEST
"LAW MAN" BADGES

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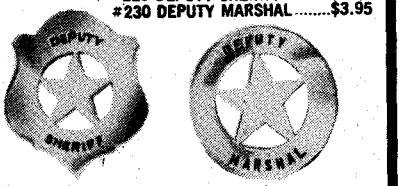

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2. A sore that does not heal.

3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.

4. Thickening or lump in breast or elsewhere.

5. Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.

6. Obvious change in wart or mole.

7. Nagging cough or hoarseness.

If you have a warning signal, see your doctor.

American Cancer Society

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

ASTRIDE THE HUMP

(continued from page 25)

the easiest task the government official had on the entire trip. Bringing them back to the United States was another story, a somewhat depressing one. Leaving Egypt in February, 1856, after a difficult time of loading the dromedaries aboard, three months were spent getting this ungainly cargo to Indianola, Texas. Native attendants became seasick on the ocean trip, leaving the camels at the mercy of the ship's crewmen who disliked catering to their animal cargo. One new calf soon died, another was crushed to death, and a third gave up the ghost because its mother could not nurse it during a storm.

After a harrying voyage the *Supply* docked on American soil. Word got around that produced an audience of Texans who came from miles around to see the circus animals. The camels reacted violently with racial antagonism on these Texas lands. The first smell of these foreign plodders sent horses and mules into a panic. So much so that Major Wayne sent a rider ahead of these camels to warn teamsters to get out of the way: "The desert camels are coming!"

A demonstration of brute strength was given by these creatures with the spindle legs. Upon one hump of a camel was placed two bales of hay (which was a heavy load for an average mule) and then Wayne added two more bales, a crushing weight for a mule. Bets were quickly taken that the dromedary would never make it to his feet. Calmly and with ease, the camel regained his legs and loped about his duties at a word of command. The following year, the *Supply* made a return trip to the east, came back and unloaded another shipment of forty-one seasick camels and ten more native drivers in this country.

Despite the fact that the ugly critters constantly "spooked" the horses and mules with their grotesque appearances, the inspirational backers for the use of camels for transportation praised them to the skies for economy of effort and sturdy ability to go faster and farther than their competitors. Finally, in 1857 Secretary of War Floyd commissioned Lt. Edward Beale to survey a wagon route, using camels in the expedition. Most of the imported drivers claimed they hadn't received their pay and refused to go on the trip. Going without them, Beale covered over 1200 miles through Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, and when crossing the Colorado they stationed themselves at Fort Tejon, California. Though a successful mission, they were not cordially accepted by Americans in general. Mule skinners hated them, and when the transcontinental railroad began to become a reality, the U.S. Government's interest in camels began to wane. Orders for their disposal came shortly after. Beale, with real affection for the dromedaries and knowing that there was no future for them, brought some of the creatures to his ranch near Bakersfield. He often startled people of the Southwest by driving one hundred miles to Los Angeles in a sulky pulled by a tandem of camels. Dispersed into circuses and zoos, the last one on record with the government brand died in 1931. Some escaped to mining camps of Nevada, Montana and desert wastes, and generally disappeared. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE:

Beale's Ranch by Charles C. Walker, Bakersfield, 1923 (The Story of how the Camels came to California).

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AFTERMATH

(continued from page 34)

First National Bank.

Now what are they up to? He quickly walked to the alley corner, strained for a look through the plate-glass window and saw two bank employees, their hands raised and a rifle pointed high in their direction.

The Condon Bank is being taken!

McKenna ran back into the store crying, "The banks are being robbed!"

The cry reached across the town plaza. Citizens moved swiftly toward three hardware stores to get guns and ammunition. Bold men were ready to exchange gunfire with five desperate and now frustrated holdup men.

A dozen determined men waited, eyes focused on both the Condon and First National. The robbers emerged, and a stream of lead met them.

Wyatt, Earp's "OK Corral" incident was small play as compared to this!

Clerk Baldwin, employed by Isham Brothers, picked up a pistol,

Hartsook photo.

Ben Mushaney. Killed in the line of duty.

ran to the back of the store and into the alley. He boldly confronted two of the fleeing men. Bob Dalton threw up his rifle and killed young Baldwin. Emmett ran out of the alley and crossed the north side of the plaza, intent on reaching the horses. Bob was close behind.

George Cubine, another irate citizen, was armed with a six-gun. He was turned away from the direction of Bob and Emmett. In a frenzy at the turn of events, Bob raised his rifle and shot Cubine through the heart.

Charley Brown reached down to assist his friend, and the infuriated Bob killed him with one shot. The two citizens lay quiet on the sidewalk facing the plaza.

City Marshal Connelley was now in on the fight. He ran toward Maple Street, believing the bandits were ahead of him. But they were behind, and Grat Dalton killed Connelley with one shot.

John Kloehr, liveryman, had courage and was an excellent shot. When he saw Grat Dalton, Powers and Broadwell run from the Condon Bank and disappear into the alley, he fastfooted it to his wagon yard.

He killed Bob Dalton with two shots. Bill Powers tumbled dead from his mount as Kloehr's deadly rifle spat with accuracy.

Grat Dalton was slow in taking a bead on Kloehr. The latter's bullet put a hole in Grat's throat.

Dying horses screamed above the sharp crack of pistol and rifle. Emmett and Dick Broadwell, both wounded by the leaden hail, could still ride.

Emmett wrote:

"When Broadwell and I reached the corner, I glanced back and realized for the first time that Bob and Grat were not with me. So I turned back to help them."

Emmett tried to put Bob on a horse but was struck again and again by gunfire, and he slowly dropped to the ground. Carey Seaman, one of the citizens, put a final blast into Emmett's body.

Dick Broadwell made the north end of town but was later found dead in the tall grass. His horse was nibbling grass that lined the side of the dirt road.

The toll: Bob and Grat Dalton, Powers and Broadwell, outlaws. Lucius Baldwin, old Charley Brown, George Cubine and Marshal Connelley, all died defending their town.

Emmett Dalton was seriously wounded. Cashier Tom Ayers and

(continued on page 64)

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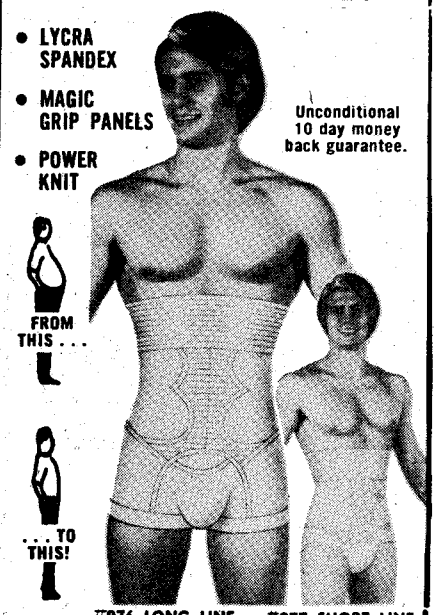

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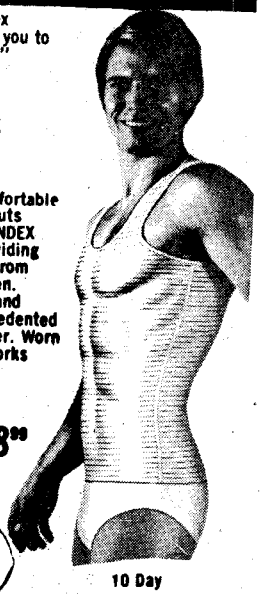

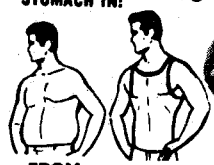

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APACHE EXODUS

(continued from page 19)

Inevitably, though, with their miserable living conditions, the Chiricahuas grew restless and in September, 1881 made another major break. Seventy-four of them under Nachez, a son of Cochise, slipped over the border into Mexico. In the following year, more Apaches joined the renegades, and Washington was goaded to act. Gen. Crook was ordered back south, arriving on Sept. 4, 1882, once again taking over command of this department.

First, Crook got rid of certain trouble - causing agents, replacing them with young officers. Then he won back some good will with the issue of regular rations on the reservations. Then a treaty was made with Mexico, permitting either country to pursue renegades over the border.

A renegade offered to lead Crook's men to their Sonoran hideout. Crook set out for the rugged Sierra Madres in Mexico with 193 Apache scouts and 45 cavalrymen, and surrounded the renegades. Negotiating with Geronimo, the Indians capitulated, and Crook, on May 23, returned to the reservation with 285 Apaches. By January of 1884 all renegades were reported at the San Carlos reservation, and Crook had once again succeeded.

However, the Indian Bureau again proved it could destroy any of Crook's efforts. The Bureau had imported some useless farm implements, attempting once again to get the nomadic Apache to "farm" the sterile desert. So once again a major break occurred, and Geronimo, with Nachez, again led escapees south of the border into Sonora. Through most of 1885 there were no further negotiations. A few raids into New Mexico and Arizona were made, but the renegades were promptly driven back south.

On December 11, 1885 Captain Emmet Crawford took a body of scouts into Sonora, and after a bloody battle, Geronimo once more agreed to negotiate with Crook. Then something unplanned happened.

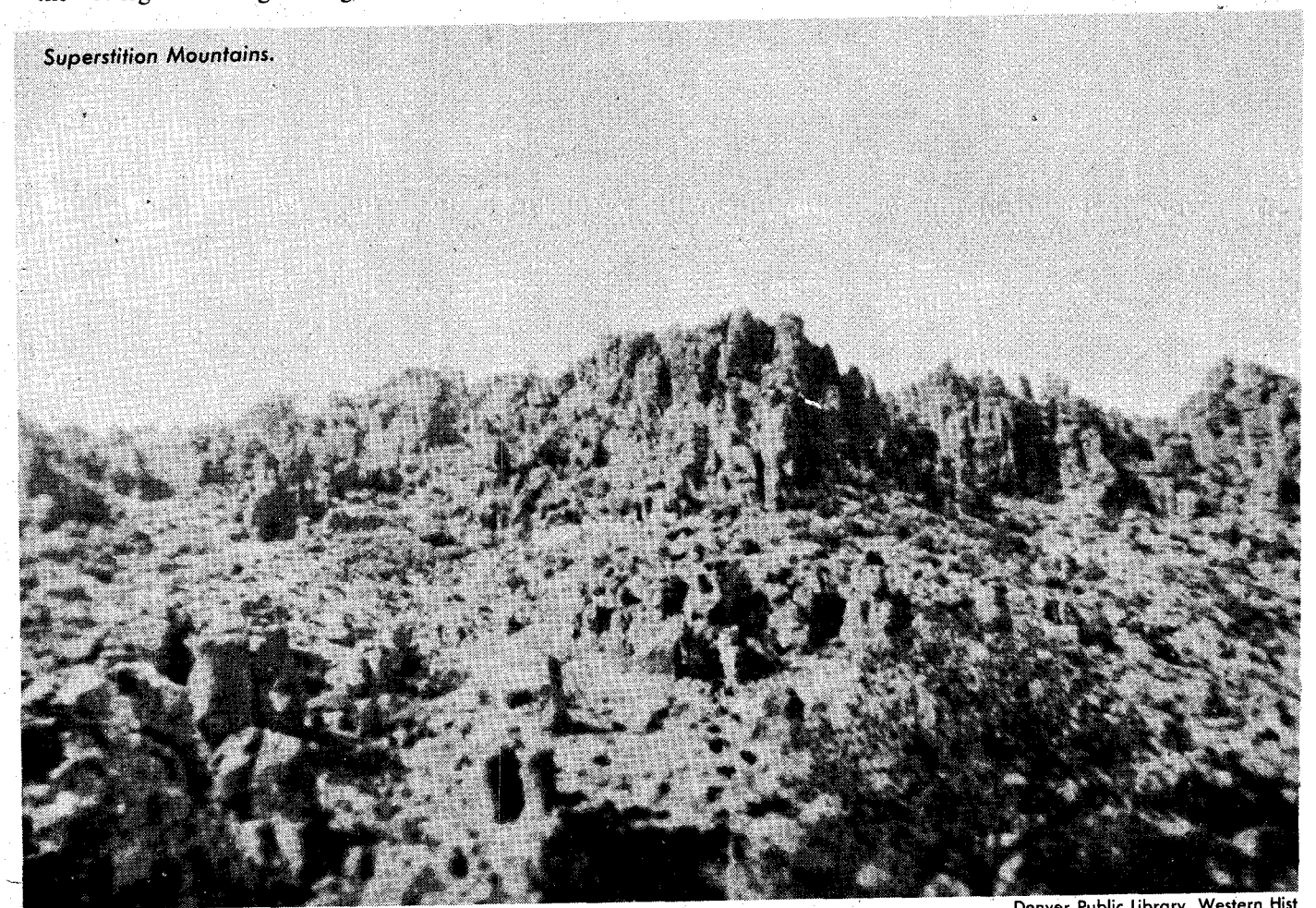
A band of scalp-hunters, calling themselves "Mexican irregulars," spotted the numerous Apache scouts and opened fire on the American position. Capt. Crawford shouted in Spanish that they were Americans. He received a fatal bullet through his brain. His first lieutenant, Maus, however, managed five days later to obtain a promise for the desired council with Crook "within two months."

This council, held in a rugged canyon in Sonora, saw Gen. Crook and Geronimo face to face, and it resulted in the renegade chieftain's agreement to a two year exile in Florida, to be followed by their return to their homeland in Arizona.

Then came the final blow for any honest conciliation, both for the Indians and for General Crook (by this time back at Fort Bowie). On the way back, a whiskey trader managed to sell some of his fiery liquor to the Indians, at the same time telling them that they were to be slaughtered as soon as they crossed the border. Geronimo, Nachez, and 37 men, women, and children promptly remounted and raced back to Sonora.

When Crook reported this latest "escape" to General Sheridan in Washington, the commanding general replied that it was the fault of Crook's hand-picked Apache scouts. Outraged, Crook offered his resignation as commander of the Department and left again for the north on April 2.

This ended all semblance of fair



Superstition Mountains.

Denver Public Library, Western Hist

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dealing with the Apache. Those Indians who had returned to the fort were seized and sent to Florida, not for two years but for an "indefinite" period (many of them died in that subtropic area). Then Grover Cleveland (first Democratic President in 24 years) ordered all Apaches to be rounded up and to be given civil jury trials in Arizona. Then the President appointed Gen. Nelson A. Miles to wage a final campaign against Geronimo. If all Apaches were killed or hanged, it mattered nothing at all to the ambitious Cleveland.

First, Miles had the Apache scouts discharged at their reservation. Then he attempted, and failed, to round up Geronimo. Then, hearing that Geronimo and Nachez had offered their surrender to Mexican officials, he left that campaign to negotiators. Thirdly, he had the President approve an order to transport by train to Florida all of the Warm Springs and Chiricahua Apache — betraying all of the loyal Apache scouts who had served the U.S. so well.

Then the general sent a man of known bravery, Lt. Charles Gatewood, to Geronimo's lair. Reaching this famous warchief, Gatewood announced that Geronimo's people, including relatives of Geronimo and Nachez, were deported and already on their way to Florida. Hearing this, the fearless chieftain agreed to surrender. This was on Aug. 26, 1886.

President Cleveland, angered that the renegades had not been captured with an "unconditional surrender," ordered this latest trainload of Apaches to be sent to another spot in Florida, where, after fully six years away from their families, they were taken to Fort Sill, Oklahoma; the survivors were kept as prisoners until 1915.

Thus it was that the Apache of the southwest, proving too brave, clever, and resourceful to capture, were taken from their homes by the deceit and greed of some white leaders.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

A History of the Indians of the United States by Angie Debo, University of Oklahoma Press, 1971.

Fighting Indians of the West by Dee Brown, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1948.

Crimson Desert by Odie B. Faulk, Oxford University Press, 1974.

Great Western Indian Fights by D. Harper Sims, University of Nebraska Press, 1960.

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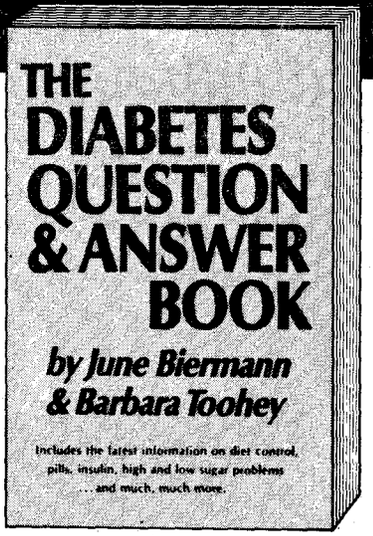

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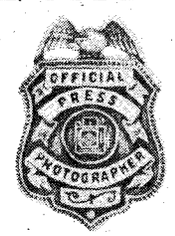

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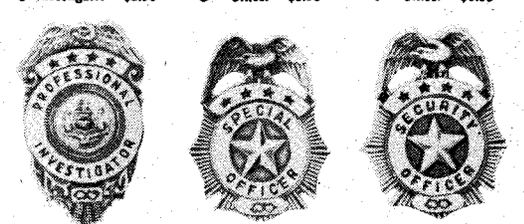

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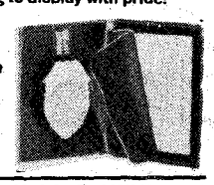

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THE EDITOR'S CORRAL

I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

THE WOMAN'S VOTE COUNTS IN THE WEST

It has been repeatedly said that woman suffrage is a failure; that where the experiment has been tried fairly in Western States women have refused to vote, or take any interest in the elections, after they have had an experience during one or two canvasses. The reports of the recent municipal elections in Kansas entirely disprove this statement. They show that in all the large cities of Kansas the vote of the women, compared to the registration, was fully as large as the male vote. The fact that women voted independently and supported the advocates of law and order is further evidence that there is at least some common sense in the woman-suffrage movement. The women in Kansas and in other Western States have been the most effective allies in the crusade against the saloons and other public evils.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
April 25, 1891

GERONIMO AT MT. VERNON BARRACKS

The Mount Vernon barracks are located twenty-nine miles north of Mobile, Alabama, and have become somewhat distinguished because of the fact that Geronimo and the hostile Apaches who were captured some years ago in Arizona, are now confined there as prisoners of war. There are altogether 380 prisoners at the post. During the recent official visit of Secretary Proctor, the major in command was authorized to select a number of these Indians, not to exceed one company, and instruct them in military matters, with a view to their enlistment in the regular army. During their confinement these Indians have made some progress, and it is believed that part of them at least may be put to good use in the Federal service.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
June 27, 1891

RAINMAKERS A TOTAL FAILURE

It is rather surprising to find in so good and reliable a little newspaper as the Colorado City (Tex.) *Clipper*, published not far from Midland, Texas, where the recent rain-making experiments were carried out, a statement to the effect that the experiments were a total failure. The special correspondent of the *Clipper* publishes a certificate from a number of citizens to the effect that the Dyrenforth party accomplished nothing in the way of producing rain. He says before the party came a nice rain fell over the country and that the experiments were not responsible in the slightest degree for the rainfall. It now remains for the other side to furnish proofs that the experiments were successful.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
September 19, 1891

DEVASTATING FIRES IN SOUTH DAKOTA

A sore calamity has recently befallen the farmers of Faulk County, South Dakota, whose bounteous harvests have been swept away by fire, leaving many of them homeless and penniless. The fire, which was the most destructive ever known in Dakota, originated from a spark from a steam threshing-machine, and was not arrested until it had literally burned itself out. The burned district covers an area twenty miles by fifty, and in all the vast expanse not a tree or shock of grain, or herd of cattle, escaped. One thousand persons lost their homes, and the track of the tempest of fire is a bleak and black desolation.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
September 19, 1891

WESTERN TRAIN ROBBERIES DISRUPTIVE

The frequency with which Western railway trains are robbed by highwaymen is beginning to occasion some alarm to the traveling public, and unless something shall be done to put an end to sort of amusement on the part of bandits a diminution of travel on these particular lines will certainly follow. Not a week passes that we do not receive accounts of the "holding up" of trains and the robbery of express messengers, in some cases to the extent of sixty or seventy thousand dollars. The singular fact is that in every one of these cases the robbers have escaped with their booty and all efforts to discover them have proved abortive. It is a curious commentary upon the efficiency of railway management and the value of our constabulary system that such crimes as these can be perpetrated in populous communities and upon our most popular railway lines wihout any risk whatever to the perpetrators.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
December 19, 1891

CYCLONES IN KANSAS AND NEBRASKA

On the night of March 31st, about half-past nine o'clock, a terrible cyclone struck the little town of Towanda, fifteen miles from Wichita, Kansas, and almost razed every building in the place. Towanda is the oldest town in the Southwest. It was founded in 1856 by Isaac Mooney, and he is now living there; his house is one of the few buildings left to mark where the town once stood. The building, however, was struck by lightning. The destruction was so complete that the town was literally swept out of existence. There are very few heaps left to show where the buildings stood, simply lumber a broken household articles scattered everywhere like split kindling. For miles around the town boards and parts of buildings were picked up. After the storm the bodies of four people were found dead, and a little six-months old babe with its head severed from the body. The body was found three hundred feet from the head. Nearly every person of the three hundred inhabitants were more or less injured. About thirty people were severely hurt, a number of whom are not expected to live. Most of the wounded when found were covered with mud from head to foot. The only practicing physician of the place was out of town when the catastrophe happened, so it was morning before assistance arrived. It is impossible to describe the utter desolation caused in a few seconds. As the storm came late in the evening many of the people were in bed and so were unable to dress or protect themselves, and consequently when the storm had passed they were shelterless in a driving rain

(continued on page 64)

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For I have discovered that *every one of the powers which you possess—(sight, hearing, taste, touch, smell)—has a mental duplicate, an extension of itself in the Fourth Dimension.* Grouped together, they form your Astral Body, which you can use, the same as you use your physical body.

But, your Astral Body can do many things that your physical body alone can't, for it is part of the Fourth Dimension—an (invisible) *sea of electrons which flows in, through, and around the physical, giving it form and substance.* Your Astral Body can flow right through solid matter, *materialize in plain sight of others, perform* every one of the *functions of your physical body—sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smell*—all the while being controlled by you!

You can control your Astral Body by giving it certain specific commands—METAPHYSICAL COMMANDS which I spell out for you in plain English in my new book "Meta-physics: New Dimension of the Mind." For instance, you can command your Astral Body to . . .

• **MATERIALIZE IN FRONT OF SOMEONE AT A DISTANCE** — Your *Astral Body* is *invisible* because it is super charged with electrons vibrating at invisible speed. *It can, however materialize in plain sight of everyone, as a "thought-form,"* by vibrating more slowly. In this manner, *it is possible to "remind" someone — at a distance — of your presence!*

• **"BLEND" YOUR THOUGHTS WITH THOSE OF SOMEONE ELSE** — Since your *Astral Body is an invisible extension of your own* — with a mind that is an extension of your own — *it is possible to "blend" this mind* with the mind of someone else to *find out what he or she is thinking,* and even *implant your own thoughts in the minds of others!*

• **DUPLICATE ANY OBJECT IN EXISTENCE AND MAKE IT YOUR OWN** — Your *Astral Body exists and is part of the Fourth Dimension — a sea of tiny electrical particles from which all matter is formed.* By giving your Astral Body an Electromagnetic Command to duplicate some object — an expensive piece of furniture, for example — it pulls the particles in the air together to form a solid replica of that which you desire!

• **LIFT AND CARRY OBJECTS, TRANSPORT THEM TO YOU FROM A DISTANCE** — You can command your Astral Body to *lift solid objects, using its own concentrated energy* — such as *lifting a pair of dice and making them roll the way you want.*

• **"READ" OTHER PEOPLE'S PAST AND FUTURE** — Since, with your Astral Body, *you can "tune in" to the thoughts of any person, all memories and future plans* of his become an open book to you.

• **HEAL THE VERY CELLS OF YOUR BODY** — Your Astral Body *can help heal you if you are sick, keep you healthy, strong and youthful* — add years to your life! If your body is rundown, tired or "old" *it can charge and rejuvenate the very cells of your body with its own vibrant electron energy* to make you look and feel years younger!

• **TALK TO THE COSMIC MIND, RECEIVE HELP IN EVERY MATTER** — Your Astral Body is your only true means of communications with the higher Spirit Plane. In this manner, *it is possible for you to talk to the Cosmic Mind, just as you would to family or friends, and receive help and guidance in every matter!*

MEET THE AUTHOR

Anthony Norvell is a world-famous psychic investigator, known to thousands (through his books and articles) for his amazing discoveries in the realm of the occult. Here, for the first time, he presents the sum total of his investigations in the secrets of ancient India, China, Tibet and Greece.

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A Vital Word—"METAPHYSICS"

Scholars, when editing and cataloging Aristotle's writings, realized that not all of the information was about the natural physical world. In the process, Aristotle had accumulated information that was "outside" the physical world or "non-physical." This 'non-physical" information was filed as "Meta-physics" literally meaning 'After-physics." This information, "after," "above," or "beyond" the physical, held the attention of many people through the ages, including philosophers, theologians, scholars and scientists. It was described in different ways: Ultimate Reality, First Principles, Miracle Power, Metaphysical Power, Divine Mind, Cosmic Mind, God, Faith, Intuition. In the 20th century some call it Energy, Astral Projections, Precognition, Inner Space.

Metaphysics answers questions that the physical cannot answer. That is why each is useful in a different way. Norvell shows how metaphysics can work for you!

How To Command Your Astral Body To Bring You Ever Increasing Abundance

Why am I so positive this technique will work for you? Because it has worked for thousands of other men and women in all walks of life — and is working for them right now! People like . . .

June C., a secretary who had been working for the same firm for three years and thought she deserved a raise in salary. But her boss was the grouchy, penny-pinching type. So after learning the Metaphysical Command for projecting her Astral Body, she mentally projected her mind into her boss's mind, and stated: "June deserves a raise. You will give her a raise of ten dollars a week."

A short time later, her boss called her into his office. There was a strange expression on his face and he said: 'I don't know why I'm doing this, but I feel you deserve a ten dollar raise in salary!"

A lady who had a 17-year-old daughter, came to one of my lectures at Carnegie Hall. She was a widow, and though she had worked hard to bring up her daughter, they never had more than just enough to get along. After this lady learned the Metphysical Command for controlling her Astral Body, she bought a sweepstakes ticket. By maintaining an "astral grip" on this ticket, she caused her number to be chosen — and won a grand total of $144,000!

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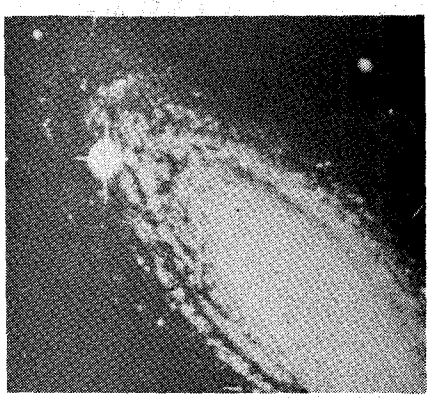

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EDITOR'S CORRAL

(continued from page 62)

and hail. A few instances of the force of the storm may be mentioned. The school-house, a four-room, two-story brick building, had one corner entirely shattered, so that the whole building will probably fall. The dead body of a young man was picked up in a ravine a thousand feet from the house he was leaving as the storm struck the town. The church is a complete ruin, with only the organ intact, which was found many feet from the spot. Another, in the words of Miss Ella Thornton, who had a miraculous escape, "I was caught up and wafted into the air like a feather." The cyclones also extended into Nebraska and other Western States, doing immense damage and killing some fifty persons. One of the Nebraska towns which suffered greatly was Edgar.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
April 21, 1892

WOMEN DELEGATES AT THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

Among the delegates from Wyoming to the Republican National Convention are two women who are quite certain to be conspicuous figures in the body to which they are accredited. One of them has been for some years prominent in public affairs, having been orator of the day at the Statehood celebration two years ago. The other is the daughter of a Mormon elder, and has also been quite prominent in politics for some years. The entire delegation from Wyoming will support the renomination of President Harrison.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
May 19, 1892 ●RW

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

some of his sick, bedraggled troops. Later *El Turco* was killed for his treachery.

Under the guidance of Ysopete, Coronado and his main force journeyed northward for 42 days before reaching Quivira, which was the land of the Wichita Indians. The city was near present-day Dodge City, Kansas. Once again the Spanish were to suffer more disappointment; they found no golden bells hanging from the trees; there were no gold dishes or cups, nor even ones of silver. The houses were thatched with grass, not made of gold. The nearest thing to gold was the copper medallion worn by Cheif Tatarrax. This brief contact with the white man, however, changed the ways and life of the Wichita.

The glittery fascination for gold continued. In paintings by John White of Virginia, in 1585 to 1590, were several pictures of Indians, simply labeled "Of Florida." One of these was of a man with beautifully and elaborately tattooed body and limbs, wearing a breastplate of copper and gold disks.

The first authentic account of gold findings in any of the Southern states, south of the Mason - Dixon line in what is called "The American Period," was in an account given by Thomas Jefferson in 1781. He stated that a lump of ore found in Virginia yielded seventeen pennyweight of gold. Although probably not the earliest gold found before the Revolution, the first mint - returns of gold were made from North Carolina in 1793 and from South Carolina in 1829. Other records of gold discovery for other Southern states are: Georgia in 1815; Alabama in 1830; Tennessee in 1831; and Maryland in 1849. The finding of gold brought changes to the Indians living in these locations and the disappearance of some.

The conclusion of this article will tell of the effect gold had on the decision of a President and how it changed the life of the Cherokee, the Indians of California, and the Sioux. ●RW

AFTERMATH

(continued from page 59)

laborer Charley Gump eventually recovered. Wounds received in the exchange with the robbers were not serious.

Emmett was not expected to survive his terrible wounds. There was ominous talk as Coffeyville seethed with anger. They wanted to string him up.

Sheriff Tom Callahan came down from Independence and quickly put an end to such talk. He waited four days to let them cool off. Then under heavy guard he returned Dalton to Montgomery County's seat. In the county jail, young Emmett was given medical attention.

Sufficiently recovered, he was brought to trial. Found guilty of armed robbery, he served fourteen years of twenty-five imposed. President Theodore Roosevelt granted him a full pardon and he was released from the State Prison at Lansing, Kansas.

Bleeding Kansas! It suffered during the savage abolitionist - slaveholder quarrels of the Civil War period. Violence was nothing new to the jayhawkers.

October 5, 1892, closed with eight bodies laid out in a small Southern Kansas town. The sharp eyes of Al McKenna led to the contretempts in the plan of Bob Dalton.

EPILOGUE

The departure of the Hart Party for Saugus - Newhall left Ben and me once more alone.

Ben gave his usual "So long Jim, see you later!" and was off on his motorcycle in the direction of San Fernando Road.

Alvino Lopez was 63 years of age. He should have known better than to force his attentions on 19-year-old Aurora Arvizu, a tenant. She rebuffed his unwelcome advances. But who knows about marihuana? Under its influence, he became enraged and frenzied.

A telephone call was received at the San Fernando Police Station.

An excited voice, "Send officers quick to Mexican Town. Lopez is gone crazy! Loco! He just shot a young girl — hurry!"

Ben Mushaney was first at the scene of a drama that was to be his last.

Lopez had barricaded himself in a small cottage. Aurora Arvizu's slender body lay deathly still outside.

Ben pulled his revolver and boldly ran through an exposed area toward the house. Lopez got Ben into his sights and killed him.

The crazed man stood off an armed posse until he was driven from the house by tear gas bombs.

He ran out firing his Winchester and soon dropped under the concentrated fire of a dozen officers and civilians, not unlike Coffeyville, Kansas, 36 years earlier. Eight rifle and revolver bullets and a shotgun charge entered his body.

San Fernando Valley Police Officers in great number attended services at the local Presbyterian Church. A wife and small children survived Police Sergeant Ben Mushaney. In my police career, I lost eight fellow officers, Ben being the first one to fall. ●RW

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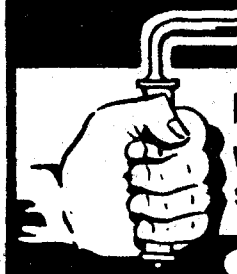

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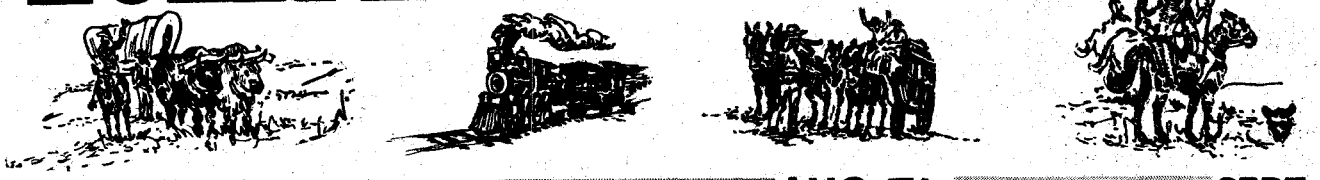
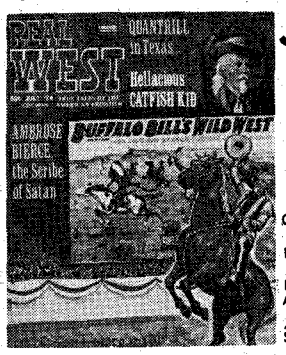




JULY 74

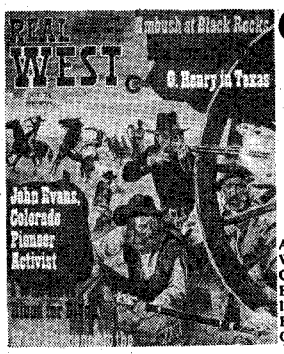
QUANTRILL in Texas
Hellacious CATFISH KID
BUFFALO BILL RIDES AGAIN
AMBROSE PIERCE, the Scribe of Satan.

AUG 74

The WOODSTOCK DISASTER
A Man For Breakfast
Greatest Indian Fighter... LEW WETZEL
COWBOY BURL
RED RIVER VALLEY

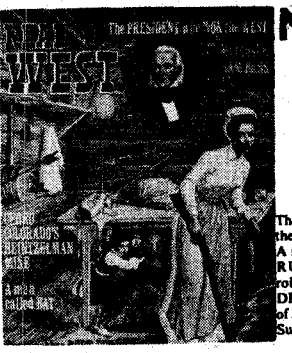
SEPT 74

Death of JOHN YOUNGER
Tall Tales of MONTANA
Remember GOLIAD
JOHN B. CHARLTON, Cavalryman by Choice.



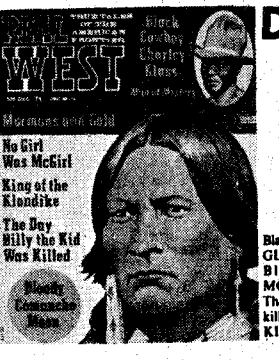
OCT 74

Ambush at BLACK ROCKS
What happened to the 7th CAVALRY at the LITTLE BIG HORN
I will have BLOOD FOR BLOOD
O. HENRY IN TEXAS



NOV 74

The PRESIDENT who WON the WEST
A man called BAT
RUBE BURROW train robber
DELLA BARE, HEROINE of Surprise Valley.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No Girl Was McGirl
King of the Klondike
The Day Billy the Kid Was Killed
Bloody Comanche Moon

DEC 74

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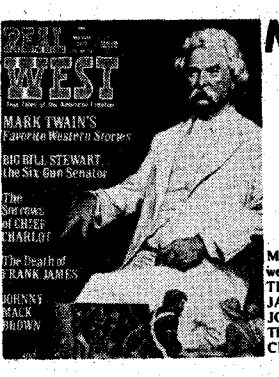
Bloody COMANCHE MOON
The day BILLY the KID was killed
KING of the KLONDIKE

JAN 75

WILL JAMES, cowboy artist
RAILS across the SIERRAS
Wicked SARAH
SHANGHAI PIERCE

FEB 75

The JAMESES in California
SHAKESPEARE, a roaring mining camp
STORY OF THE COWBOY
FREMONT, triumph between tragedies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- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
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- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her —out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

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For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time – commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk – and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument – called a Tele-Photo Transmitter – that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody – high or low, ignorant or wise – all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR – SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there – standing before him, as real as life – was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There – smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting– stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument – your mental equipment – requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire – called a Photo-Form – then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

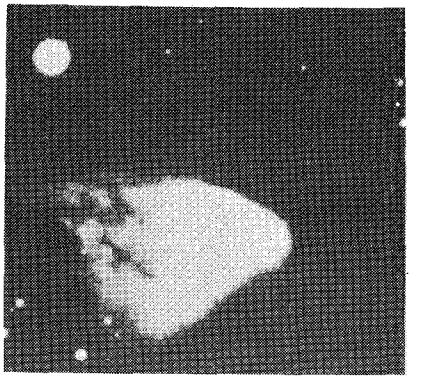
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and–for the first time in the history of Las Vegas–walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work–actually revealed their secret thoughts–made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

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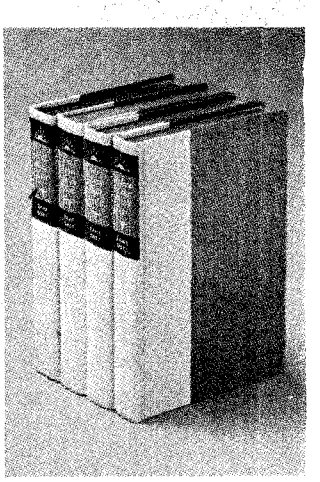

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